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"CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND," *by H. B. Marriott Watson*
A STIRRING SERIAL STORY, BEGINS NEXT WEEK

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLIV.—No. 2258
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1900

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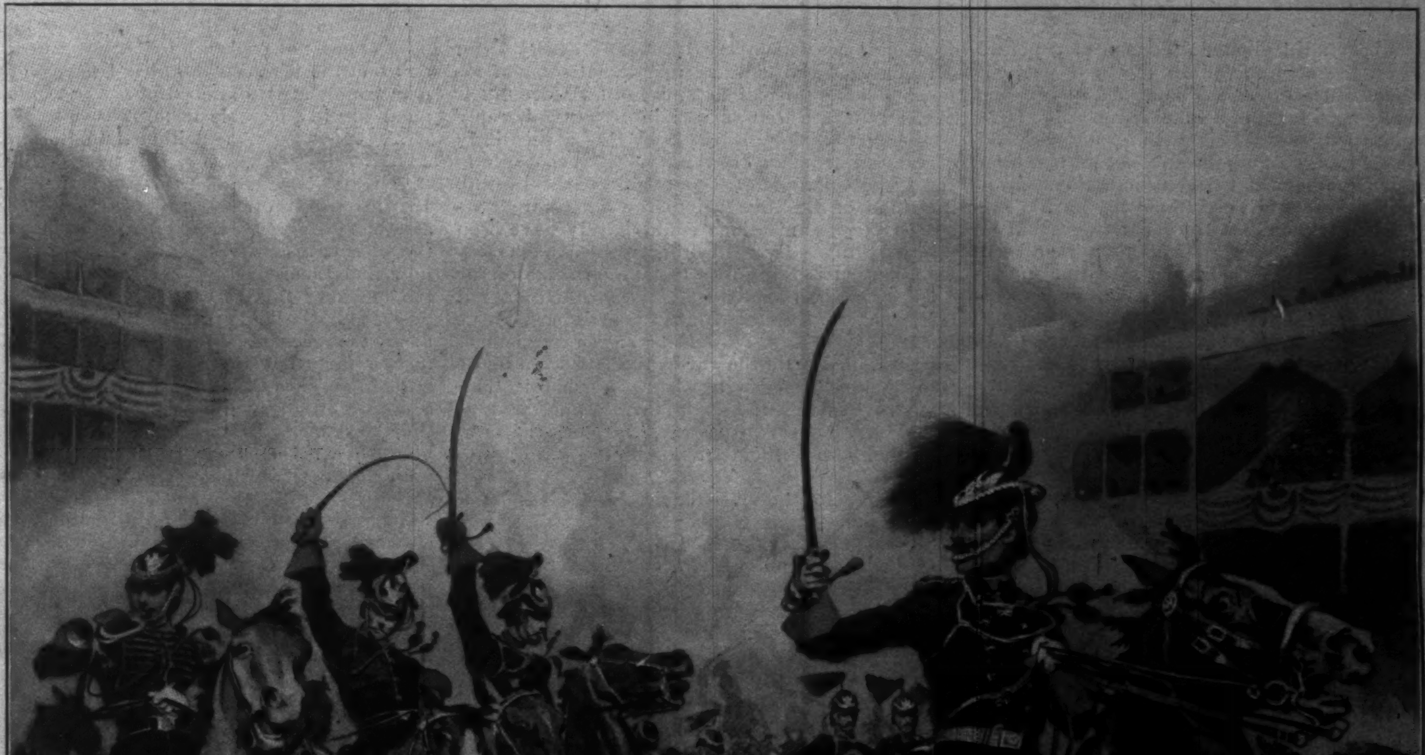

THE 7TH ARTILLERY AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(WITH A COLORED SUPPLEMENT).

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 31, 1900

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CITY: Franklin Square
LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

A Social Experiment

IT has been a time-honored custom of mankind to let the domestic affairs of others severely alone, unless there has happened to be some really good reason for interfering. Men have concerned themselves with grave political questions. Matters of religion and morals have been the burden of much outspoken discussion, and it is the right of all to criticise freely the work along scientific, literary, and art lines of the few, but in the solution of domestic problems men have been permitted to work out their own salvation undisturbed. It is due to this fact possibly that the servant question has become one of the apparently impenetrable mysteries of life; and if this be true, we should perhaps congratulate ourselves that a distinguished Chicago lady has undertaken an experiment in the management of her ménage, whose workings will be watched with much interest and some anxiety.

The idea of dividing the day's work of the household into two watches of eight hours each, with a double force of employees to assume the burdens thereof, is a highly original notion, and if the course of true domesticity were not so entirely like that of true love, we might expect excellent results. But the domestic course does not run smoothly, and it is the regrettable fact that this is largely because of the differences which arise among the servants themselves. The happiest household is that which has but one servant. When there are two, there are quarrels; when there are three, there are combinations of two against one; when there are four, there are twice as many quarrels as when there are only two, and almost invariably a dead-lock, in the matter of combinations, which is apt to result in a serious upsetting of one's plans. Five servants often result in a feud, and with six in the house overt hostilities may be expected at any moment. It is therefore undeniable that the greater the number of servants in a household, the smaller the chance for harmonious action, and we are sorry to have to say that in our humble judgment the plan of the Chicago lady, if it comes into general use, will result in riotous outbreaks all over the country; china past all counting will be smashed, the dignified and useful flat-iron will be roused into action, and domestic ruin will confront many a household.

Entirely apart from this, we think there are other rocks upon which the new proposition is likely to split. For instance, the force working from 6 A.M. until 2 P.M. may do faultless work; that which goes on at two and ceases at ten may be made up of gems of the purest ray serene: but what then? Must the family shift for itself from ten at night until the milkman's strident song breaks in upon the stillness of the morning hours? We do not know how they do things in Chicago, but in New York and Boston and other cities of the East very few of us indeed go to bed at ten and sleep until six. A third and still more pressing difficulty is the absolute inability of most employers to-day to secure one servant who will consent to work for eight hours a day, much less two relays of four, five, or six each.

As a matter of fact, the crying demand of the hour is not for the doubling up of our domestic forces, but rather for their cutting down. There is not enough work in our households to-day to require the intelligent attention of more than one-half of the number of servants employed, and it is the public's complacence in the face of the idleness of those who are paid to serve, which the over-supply not only encourages but enforces, that is responsible for most of our troubles.

The Conflict in South Africa

WHEN two very angry people are engaged in quarrelling with each other things are apt to be said which in the cool light of reason neither absolutely means and both ultimately regret. We think this is the point which has been reached by our friends John Bull and Oom Paul. They have been pounding away at each other for some time now, and the whole world is becoming weary of the spectacle. There is nothing noble or elevating about it, and it is in danger of descending to the level of vulgar brutality. If the fight were on between two well-meaning but intensely wroth individuals every man of the world knows precisely what would happen. Some good fellow who liked both belligerents would step in between and stop the row. The maledictions of both parties would be softened down, and all in good time the two hard-hitting fists would relax into outstretched hands and peace would reign.

Why should nations be less sensible than individuals? Why should John Bull and Oom Paul keep whacking away at each other and filling the air with mutual recriminations, when Uncle Sam, who admires the British and confesses to a deal of sympathy for the plucky South-African Dutchman, stands ready to settle their differences for them in a manner which will ultimately satisfy both? Mr. Kruger knows well enough that some of his demands are impossible, and Lord Salisbury is perfectly aware that in certain respects his reply to the Transvaal President is bluff of a peculiarly cheap and brummagem variety. If each party to the dispute had started out with the deliberate intention of feeding fuel to the flames, their respective communications could hardly have been phrased differently. In other words, the Transvaal conflict is beginning to take on some of the qualities of a very vulgar brawl, and the sooner it is stopped, the better it will be for both parties. A British conquest now would be an empty victory. The prolongation of the war by the Transvaal in the face of hopeless odds has less of an heroic than foolhardy aspect, and it is therefore clear that whichever of the two parties is in the right as to the issue, both of them are now in the wrong as to the fact.

It is time for the mutual friend to take the matter in hand.

Bishop Potter and Imperialism

WE commend Bishop Potter's change of heart in the matter of the Philippine policy of this country to the Tooley Club of Boston, as we understand Mr. Atkinson's amusing aggregation of academicians are now designated by a select few. Some time ago, when he knew very little of the question save in an abstract way, Bishop Potter gave signs of sharing in the views of the Tooley Club, that the American flag was being prostituted to base uses in the East. Now, however, the Bishop having taken the trouble to go to Manila and to investigate matters for himself, returns and tells us that there must be no turning back; that we are working along right lines, and that the question of imperialism has become one of purely academic importance.

We shall be vastly entertained to hear the resolutions which the Tooley Club will now pass, reading the Bishop out of the sacrosanct realms of the truly good. On the other hand, it is most encouraging for the rest of us to find among our most eminent public men one who is great enough to change his mind, make public confession of his error, and courageously come to the support of those whose doings he once opposed. Of course no one expected otherwise of a man of Bishop Potter's stamp, but in days like these, when so many of our most useful men potentially have become useless, actually, through the fear that their past views may rise up to confound them, it is refreshing to find so notable an example of courage as that afforded us by Bishop Potter.

A Hint for Mr. Marconi

IT is with no little concern that we observe the recent developments in wireless telegraphy. Mr. Marconi is deserving of great credit for his marvellous achievements in establishing communication between distant points without the use of unsightly stretches of wire, but that which in some cases is of inestimable benefit to mankind as a whole, becomes positively detrimental to the individual. If Mr. Marconi's operations were conducted solely for the purpose of the transmission of news of great importance, from the centre to outlying districts likely to be affected by a knowledge of it, all would be well, but when he begins to destroy utterly the value of a sea-trip by placing the traveller in communication with the world he has for a short time left behind him, we think it time to call a halt. The world to-day offers but one certain refuge for the man who suffers from physical or brain weariness, and that is the sea. It is not alone the health-giving results of seasickness that make a sea-trip beneficial; nor is it wholly the invigorating qualities of the pure salt air the wayfarer takes into his lungs during seven days of buffeting on the bounding billows that conduce to his welfare. The sense of isolation from the cares and worries of the world of business and of politics, the enforced abstention from the activities of the rut of life, the complete surrendering of self to a companionship with the primitive forces of nature, plus the knowledge that for a short time he cannot be reached by cable or by mail, are the qualities which make a voyage across the ocean a positive blessing to the man of affairs. Take these away, and the efficacy of the cure is destroyed. It will be an unhappy day for the man aboard ship when the stock-ticker becomes a part of the furniture of the smoking-room, and when a daily newspaper containing the latest despatches from all parts of the world is tossed into his state-room every morning by the attentive steward.

The Kansas Experiment

WE are glad to learn that the recent exhibition of journalistic charlatanry in Kansas has not proven an overwhelming success, and that the Rev. Sheldon has retired to the comparative obscurity of his pulpit. The whole experiment was in execrable taste, and we can congratulate neither the notorious cleric, whose posings have filled most people with disgust, nor Mr. E. W. Howe, once favorably known as a novelist, who assumed to prepare a daily lay sermon attacking the clergy, upon the position in which they both now find themselves. There has been altogether too much of this sort of thing in the past few years, and the only satisfaction we can derive from the recent performances at Topeka lies in the fact that these have so thoroughly disgusted everybody that we are likely to be spared a repetition of such exhibitions for some little time to come. Messrs. Sheldon and Howe may now be rated at their real value, and allowed to settle down into that condition of life to which their acts entitle them. Certainly it requires a wonderful stretch of the imagination to picture either of them as a person to be taken seriously in the future, although it is proper to hope that by a process of self-examination and reform both men may yet again reinstate themselves in the popular esteem. Of the Rev. Sheldon we have not much hope, but the author of *The Story of a Country Town* undoubtedly has somewhere in his being stuff of the right sort, which may again reassert itself. We trust this will prove to be the case, and that by some future achievement he will atone for his recent egregious lapse from a reasonable standard of the fitness of things.

Public and Private Gaming

A DISTINGUISHED gentleman of local renown has taken the trouble to rise up in the State Senate to deny that, during a recent session of the honorable body of which he is a member, he indulged his liking for the game of poker. Some nefarious correspondent, it seems, had charged the gentleman with having devoted his attention to a series of jack-pots when he should have kept his mind upon the affairs of his fellow-citizens. The Weekly knows nothing of the merits of the case, and if the honorable gentleman denies the charge his denial must be accepted and the newspaper correspondent stand convicted of error. As an abstract question, however, we may say that there are times in the affairs of nations when it would be to the public's advantage were the Senators, as a whole, to go into executive session for the purpose of a round of jacks, to the entire neglect of public business. It is fair to assume that when statesmen play poker they play with their own money, and it is undeniable that when they legislate they play with the public funds. In the former instance they evince a concern for their own pockets which might advantageously be applied to their gaming in behalf of the public purse; in the latter instance we regret to say that they are not always quite so careful, and that in their official capacity they take risks which in their private dealings they would utterly abhor.

Poker as a diversion for youths is not to be commended, but among statesmen it may have its uses. If it teaches them to guard the public interests as carefully as they would guard their own, much can be said in its favor, and it is certainly true that the Senator who gives the treasury of his constituents a rest and falls back for a little while upon his individual resources evinces a consideration for the tax-payer which is, unfortunately, not entirely characteristic of his class.

THE POLICY OF MEDIATION

BY MONTAGU WHITE

This article forms the introductory chapter to "The Story of the Boers," published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

IT must at the outset be admitted that the prospects of ending this heart-rending tragedy in South Africa by the honorable and satisfactory method of arbitration or mediation do not appear very promising when one remembers the determined efforts of Great Britain during the spring and summer of 1899 to exclude all possibility of a pacific solution of the South-African question.

When arrangements were being made for the representation of foreign powers and states at the Peace Conference in Holland, it was felt that the differences between England and the Transvaal were in danger of becoming acute, and an endeavor was made to invite the South African Republic as well as the Orange Free State to send delegates to the conference. This step was strenuously and successfully opposed by Great Britain, because the latter claimed suzerainty over the republic—a pretension in itself a violation of the convention of London. The Orange Free State at once refused the invitation, on account of the slight upon its sister republic. It naturally regarded the proceedings of the conference as farcical if the burning question of the hour in South Africa were to be eliminated.

Undaunted by the failure to secure the representation of the South African Republic, a further effort was made to introduce the Transvaal question in the conference, with a view of its solution by pacific methods. This was as bitterly opposed as the first endeavor, and it is stated that Great Britain threatened to withdraw from the conference, and so wreck its international character, if any serious attempt were made in the direction of benevolent intervention or discussion in regard to the Transvaal.

No better fate attended the efforts of the Peace Party in England and in South Africa. The advocates of arbitration in England were browbeaten, insulted, and ridiculed, some even being subjected to personal violence, while in South Africa the Premier, Mr. Schreiner, Mr. Hofmeyer, and two-thirds of the Cape-Colonists were treated as traitors, and entirely ignored by the imperial government. The London *Times* even congratulated Mr. Chamberlain on his narrow escape from a pacific solution. The negotiations between the two belligerents before the outbreak of hostilities exhibit the strong desire of the republic to refer all disputes to arbitration—a point only partially and ungraciously conceded by Great Britain after many efforts, and then emasculated by the declaration of the High Commissioner that many questions at issue could not in any case be settled by that method.

The Transvaal government was finally convinced that only two courses were left open—viz., an abject and dishonorable surrender on its part or the arbitrament of the sword.

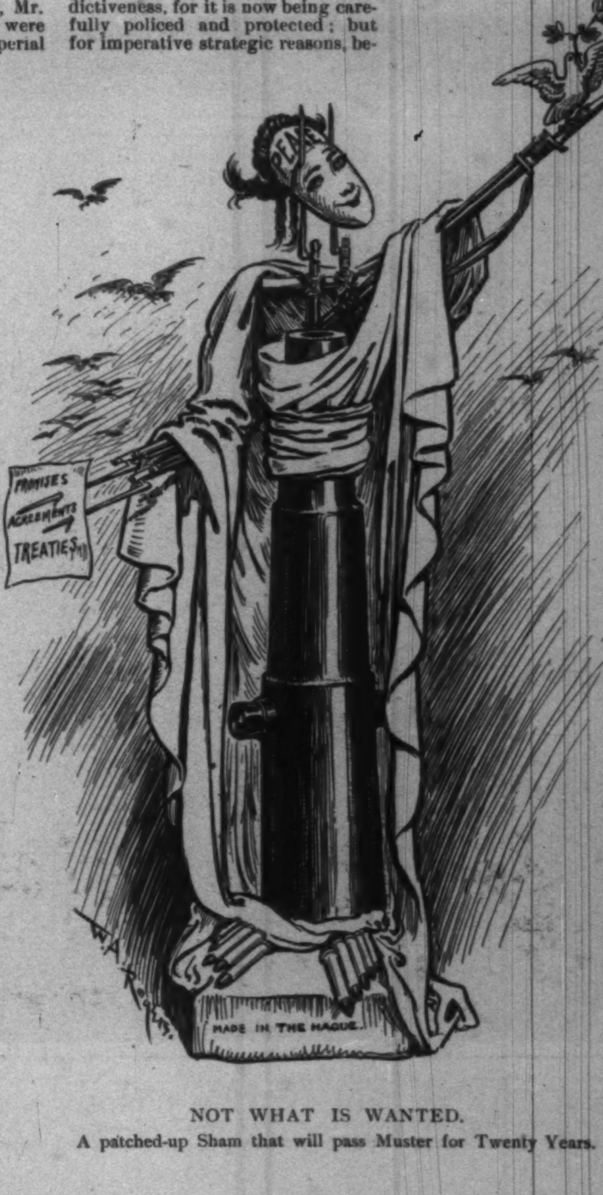
Turning from this brief review of the past to glance at present conditions, it would be idle to ignore the fact that the reverses of the British during the past five months have inflicted so serious a blow upon the pride and prestige of Great Britain as to constitute for the time being a formidable obstacle in the path of those who are advocating conciliatory methods. The proceedings in Parliament and the recent reports from England all tend to reflect the present determination of the British public to retrieve the disasters in South Africa, and practically to carry out the policy of "seeing it through" to the bitter end.

The exultation called forth by the relief of Ladysmith and the surrender of Commandant Cronje and his burghers to an overwhelmingly superior force appears so feverish and so unbridled as to awaken painful misgivings about the ultimate settlement.

But the end of the war is not yet within sight. The defensive campaign is likely to be less dramatic than the events of the last few months, but it will be protracted and wearisome even to the cosmopolitan financiers who are so largely responsible for the whole tragedy. Many things may happen before the British flag waves over the country on the northern bank of the Vaal, and the English people are fortunately endowed with a quality which has compelled the admiration of many foreigners, Frenchmen in particular—and that is *political common-sense.* It is only natural for a great and proud nation to feel the bitterness of serious reverses at the hands of a "few undisciplined farmers." But events involving prompt action may easily happen in other quarters of the world, where the interests of Great Britain are far more vulnerable and important than the issues in South Africa, while the shameful ineptitude which brought about this unnecessary war must daily become clearer and clearer to Englishmen, in spite of all the sophistry of adroit debaters.

The courage and heroism of their foes must also appeal to such admirers of pluck as Englishmen are credited to be. The arguments in favor of ending this war are indeed irresistible. It is an outrage upon civilization, as well as an insult both to those who brought about the Peace Conference and to those who took part in it. The century closes with a Peace Convention intended to avert the horror of war between nations, and, lo and behold! immediately afterward a Great Power, termed the mother of civilization, is locked in a deadly embrace with two little states, the aggregate population of which does not exceed 300,000 souls, for reasons which have been rejected as insufficient and immoral by the conscience of the civilized world. On this subject there is practically only one voice in Europe outside of Great Britain. In the United States this voice is strengthened by the sentiment of the overwhelming majority of citizens. England will gain practically little in South Africa by victory. She is already mistress of the commercial and industrial developments; and the vindictive and pitiless settlement after victory, foreshadowed by Mr. Chamberlain, will add to and not diminish her embarrassment. A garrison of 50,000 soldiers will not prove a permanent guarantee of peace, because, though the Dutch may be defeated, they will never be conquered.

Passing from considerations of morality to questions of interest, it is easy to note that the financial circles and stock exchanges which gleefully looked forward to a "walk-over" and a triumphant resulting boom are now becoming uneasy and restive. General transactions are restricted, and the holders of South-African stocks are slowly grasping the fact that they may be saddled with the cost of this war when Great Britain possesses herself of the Witwaters and gold mines. They may realize in bitterness the truth of the quotation, "My father chastised you with whips, but I shall chastise you with scorpions." Referring to Johannesburg, it must not be forgotten that once the Transvaal is invaded there is great danger of the Gold Reef City sharing the fate of Moscow. Assuredly not in any spirit of vindictiveness, for it is now being carefully policed and protected; but for imperative strategic reasons, because Pretoria is only thirty-five miles distant, and common prudence demands that Johannesburg should not be left as a base of operations against the capital, which is strongly fortified, and is sure to be stoutly defended. If Johannesburg and the mining buildings are destroyed, it would mean a loss of from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000.



NOT WHAT IS WANTED.
A patched-up Sham that will pass Muster for Twenty Years.

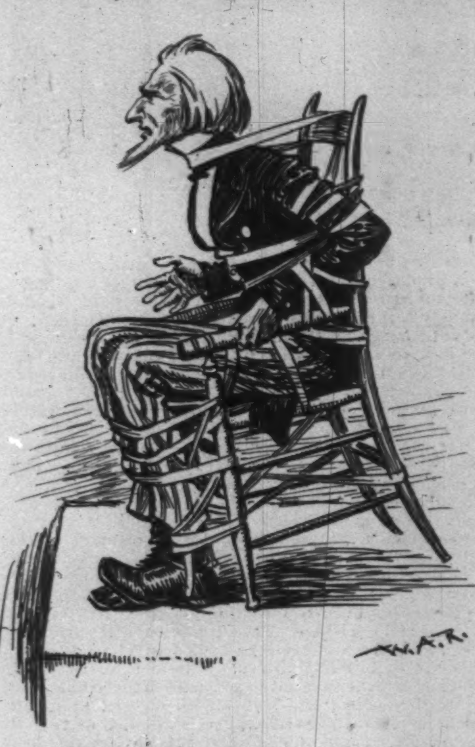
How can the war, then, be stopped? Only by the friendly representation and disinterested mediation of a third power, whose good offices would not be misunderstood by or unacceptable to either belligerent. No Continental power can, under the circumstances, be expected to mediate with success. Germany has a footing in Southwest Africa; France is in Madagascar; and Russia is regarded in too prejudiced a light by Great Britain to be of any value as a benevolent neutral. There is only one power which might at a favorable opportunity successfully intervene, and that is the United States of America. It is so obvious that it has occurred not only to the shrewdest statesman in Europe—I refer to his Holiness the Pope—but even to the humblest friends of peace in England and elsewhere. The stipulation of the American delegates to the conference embodied in The Hague convention, now formally ratified by the Senate, the Monroe Doctrine, and the cardinal principle as to the avoidance of "entangling alliances," have all been urged as reasons which preclude the possibility of mediation or friendly intervention. Taking the last first, it is obvious that there is no question here of "entangling alliances," for neutrality is the very essence of successful intervention. With regard to the Monroe Doctrine, as a stranger, I must confess to a sense of bewilderment as to its application. I read in one newspaper that the Philippine policy is a violation of that doctrine. In another I find it stated that the new Nicaraguan treaty drives a hole through the Monroe Doctrine as effectively as a canal would pierce the isthmus. I plead that my ignorance on this point is excusable, and I trust I shall be pardoned if in my enthusiasm for my cause I reject the argument as unworthy, and dismiss the Monroe Doctrine as an effective obstacle to the performance of a benevolent action.

Nor ought any academic objections, as the stipulations made by the American delegates to the Peace Convention, stand in the way of carrying out the laudable ends which the conference aimed at accomplishing. The United States is not *debarred* from offering mediation if there is a genuine desire to do so.

•The praiseworthy theories advocated last year at The Hague have unfortunately been sterilized by the savage instincts underlying civilization, but that fact ought not to arrest the hands of those who sincerely welcomed and took part in that great peace movement from putting its principles into practice. It is necessary to take higher ground and appeal to the altruistic interest of humanity in furthering the fundamental principles of Right and Liberty against Might and Tyranny.

But it may be urged that the United States cannot force intervention upon either belligerent, or make urgent diplomatic representations to Great Britain as to the necessity of stopping this war. The first alternative is ridiculous, and can be dismissed at once; and the second is nearly as absurd, because urgent representations would be *undiplomatic*, and would produce friction, thus proving fatal to the success of the idea. But there is a third and better method, which it is unnecessary to indicate beyond stating that it would have to be followed in the true spirit of diplomacy, so that when the favorable opportunity occurs the effort may be fruitfully made and crowned with success—as it undoubtedly would, for American friendship is just now a political necessity in England. Friendly intervention, if properly brought about, would not be misunderstood by either the government or the people of Great Britain, and would inevitably tend to strengthen good feeling between the two countries. An understanding between the English-speaking people of the world has been strongly advocated as a beneficent factor in the spread of civilization. It would be a terrible calamity to the world and a gross scandal if such an understanding tended, either by active co-operation or by a sterile attitude of correct and passive neutrality, to further the cause of tyranny and oppression, or to crush the very principles of liberty and independence which constitute the foundation of this great republic. If there are to be "hands across the sea," let them be stretched out for some better purpose than to seize gold-fields and other unconsidered trifles on the hypocritical plea that the cause of civilization and humanity is enhanced by such international crimes. Do not let "the white man's burden" be the plunder and spoliation of the weaker man and the suppression of his liberty because his ideas of franchise and naturalization do not square with your own.

One of the first essentials in pursuing a policy of mediation is the education of the English people as to the depth and strength of American sentiment on the subject of this war. It would seem that English newspapers have issued "sealed orders" to their correspondents abroad to furnish only such news as will harmonize with the views and wishes of the editor, varied by occasional abuse of distinguished English politicians in the opposite camp. It is necessary for the English public to know—*not* the irreproachable sentiments of the exclusive "society" man who lays stress upon the English kinship, *not* the views of the Wall Street broker who voices the financial interests, but the genuine American feeling as to the great fundamentals of Right, Freedom, and Independence which are involved in this struggle.

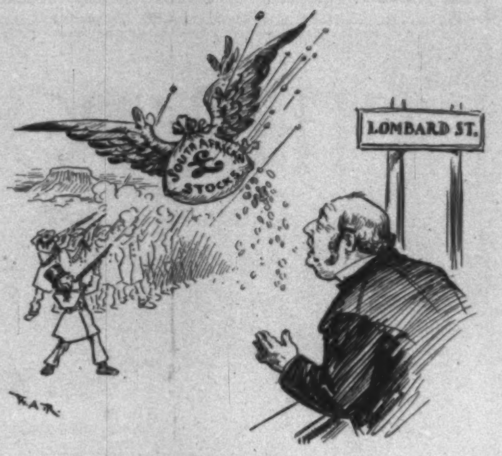


A STERILE ATTITUDE OF A PASSIVE NEUTRALITY.

The British public is being wofully misled about the trend of public opinion in America on the South-African war. For instance, one reads with pain and dismay such communications as the following, telegraphed by "our own Washington correspondent" to the London *Times*, and published in that journal on the 17th of January, 1900:

"Opinions and feelings are divided here, as elsewhere, but the best opinion and the best feeling are preponderantly Anglo-American. There is no mistaking the opinion in official circles. The expression of it is necessarily guarded, because it is official, but it is overwhelmingly for England. 'When I am asked,' said one of the highest in position, 'what my sympathies are, I say they are American.' He added, reflectively, 'We do not think American interests will be advanced by Boer dominion in South Africa.'"

With regard to the contention that the United States, though willing to use its friendly offices, cannot intervene unless requested to do so by both belligerents, it may be urged that if the two combatants jointly desire peace they can dispense with the services of a mediator and settle the matter among themselves. To remain passive until such a contingency arises, and then offer to mediate, would be a cheap and tawdry act of benevolence. The essence of mediation is that a friendly neutral should act spontaneously and on its own initiative. The proceedings of imperial rule in South Africa, going hand in hand with force, fraud, and folly, offer a grim commentary upon the altruism which its doctrinaire advocates are continually predicating about the Pax Britannica. The Pax Britannica indeed! We in South Africa have seen but little of its beneficence. Hardly a decade passes but what bloodshed and plunder mark the track of this much-vaunted civilization. When the Boers were forced by the treachery of the natives to undertake punitive expeditions, after their wives and children had been cruelly massacred, they were vilified and slandered as being brutal and cruel oppressors of the natives. But when the Matabeles were being mowed down by Maxim guns six years ago on the flimsiest of pretexts, in order to enhance the share value of the Chartered Company's undertakings, it was characterized by a right honorable member of the British cabinet as the "inevitable, though regrettable, result of the contact between barbarism and civilization." As General Joubert once remarked, "I wonder if the English really believe that the natives enjoy the process of being killed when death is inflicted by an Englishman and not by a Boer?"


SOUTH AFRICAN STOCK
£
LOMBARD ST.
W.A.R.

NOT WHAT LOMBARD STREET EXPECTED.

What we want in South Africa is peace—*permanent* peace; not a patched-up sham that will pass muster for twenty years. Let there be true equal rights for the two races, with no battalions or flying squadrons to fortify the illegal pretensions of one section only. To insure permanent peace a benevolent neutral is indispensable. The ideal mediator—which is only a synonym for the United States in regard to this war—is therefore urged to use its great and irresistible power to perform an act which will advance the cause of real and true civilization, *not* the *fin de siècle* sham civilization, which is only savagery veneered with hypocrisy.

Mediation would, in the first place, give expression to and satisfy the generous sentiments and impulses of the true American people; it would, secondly, receive the indorsement and approval of the civilized world; thirdly, it would extricate Great Britain from a false and embarrassing situation; and, lastly, it would provide an effective, though unfettered, guarantee of their dearly bought liberty and independence to two brave little states in South Africa.

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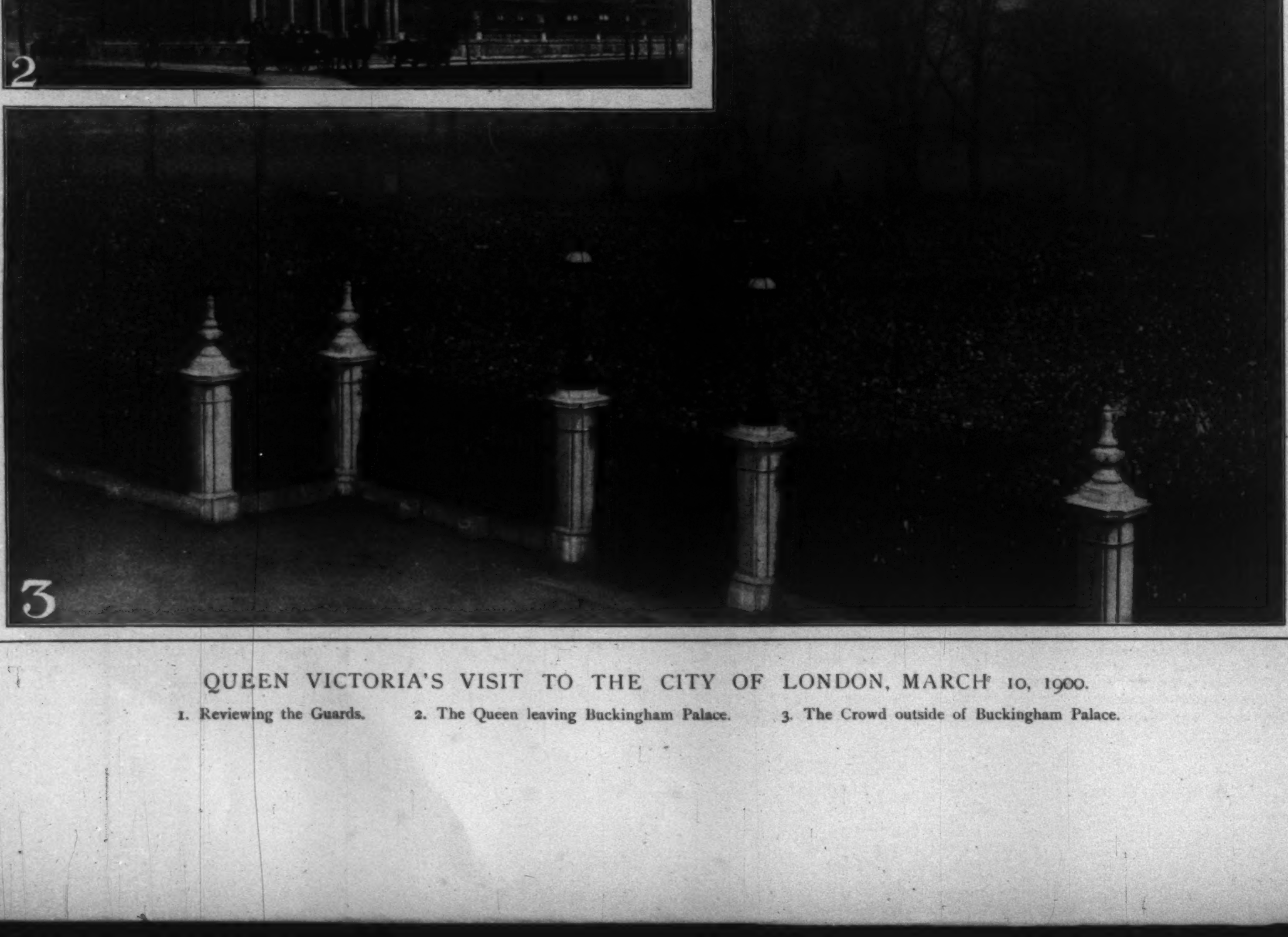
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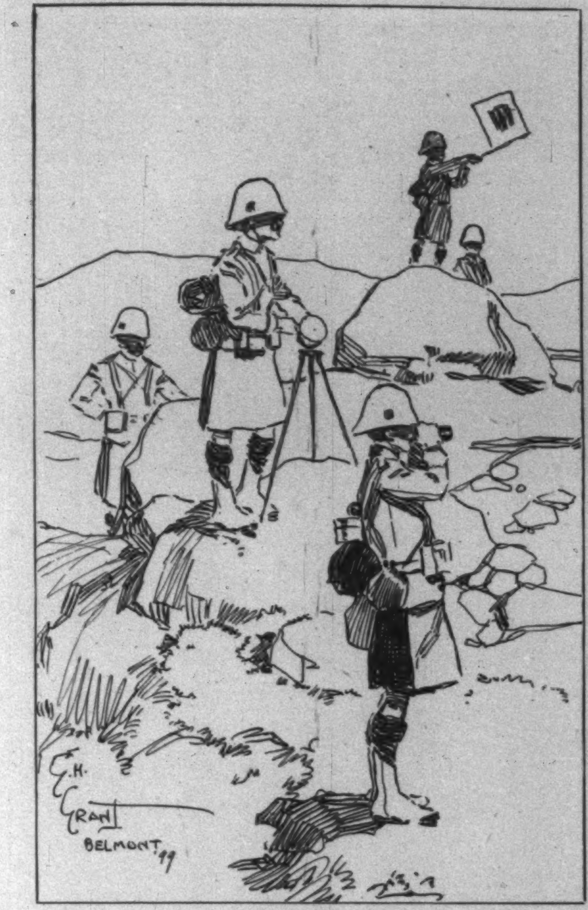
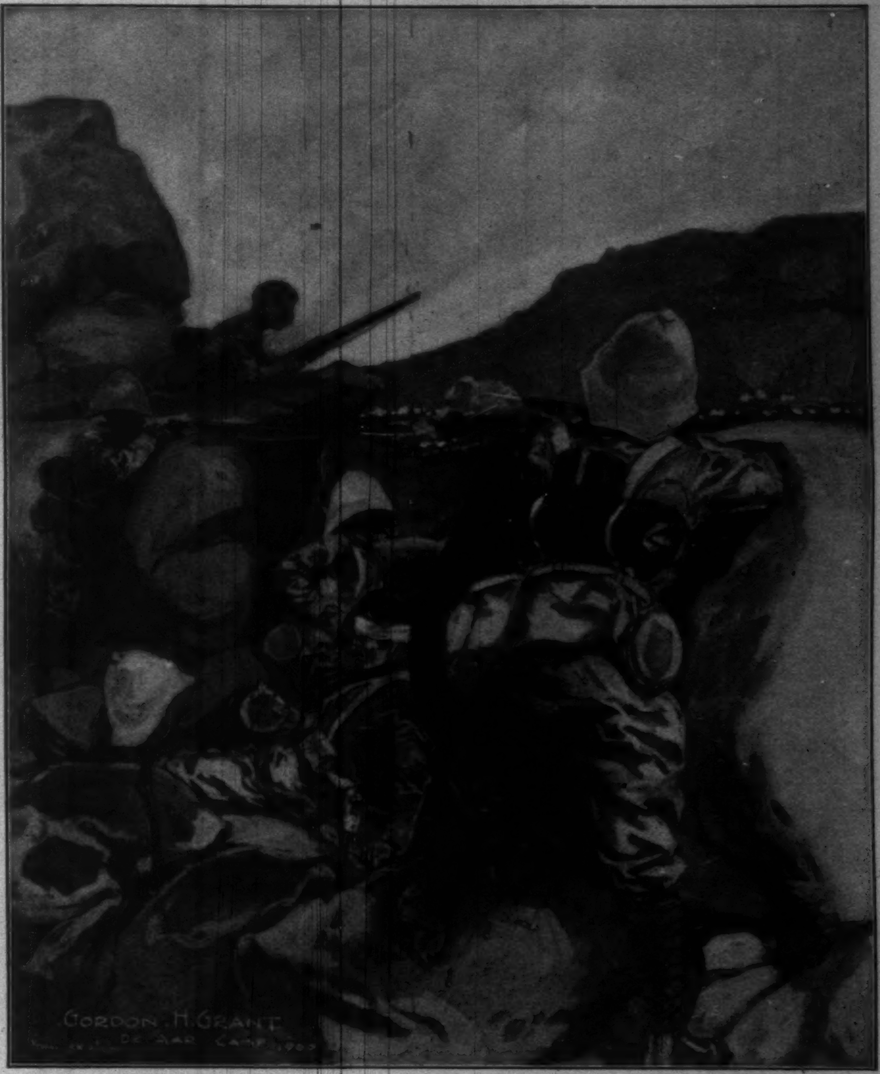
QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO THE CITY OF LONDON, MARCH 10, 1900.

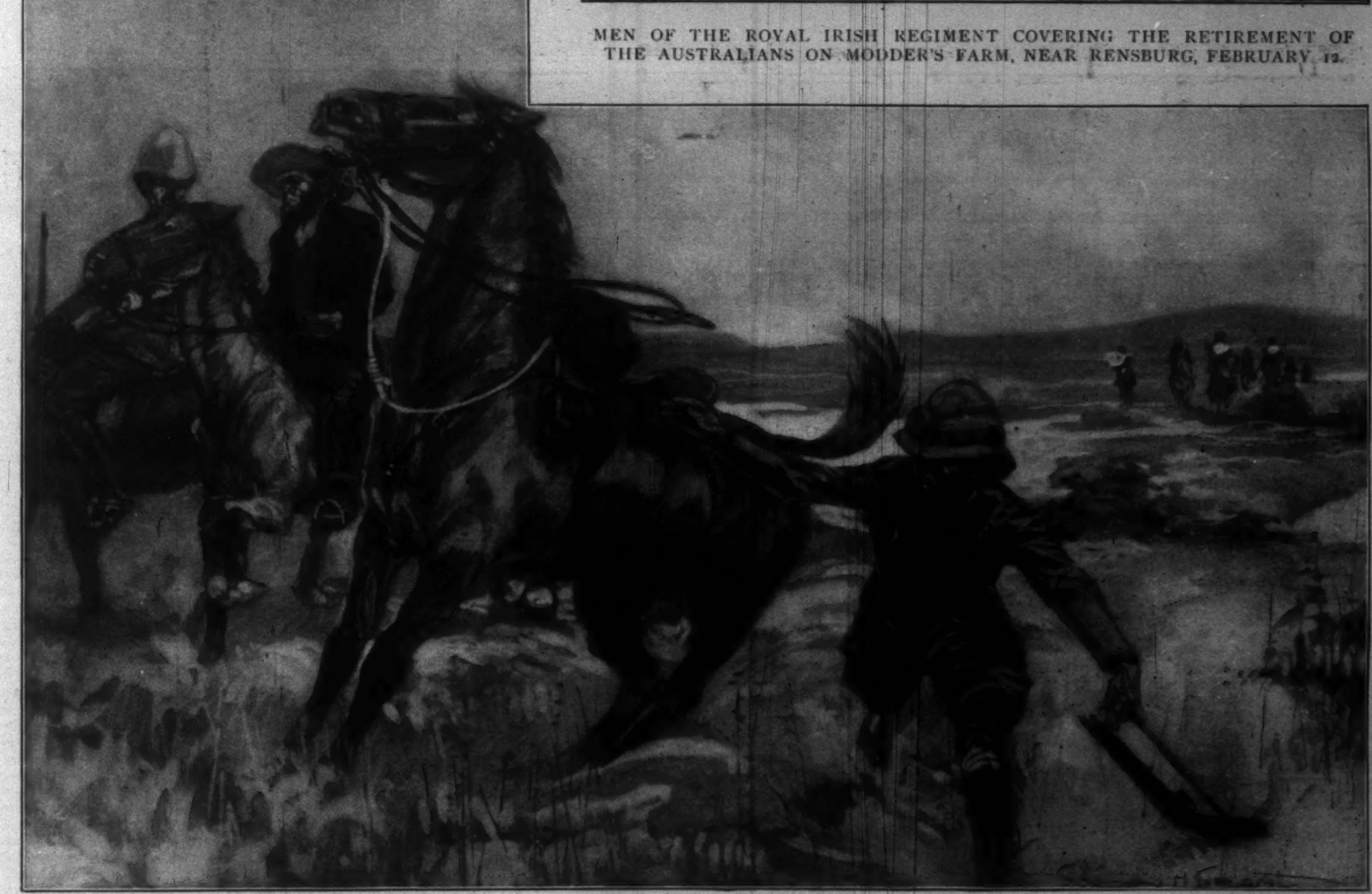
1. Reviewing the Guards. 2. The Queen leaving Buckingham Palace. 3. The Crowd outside of Buckingham Palace.



HIGHLANDERS SIGNALLING AT MODDER RIVER.



MEN OF THE ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT COVERING THE RETIREMENT OF THE AUSTRALIANS ON MODDER'S FARM, NEAR RENSBURG, FEBRUARY 12.

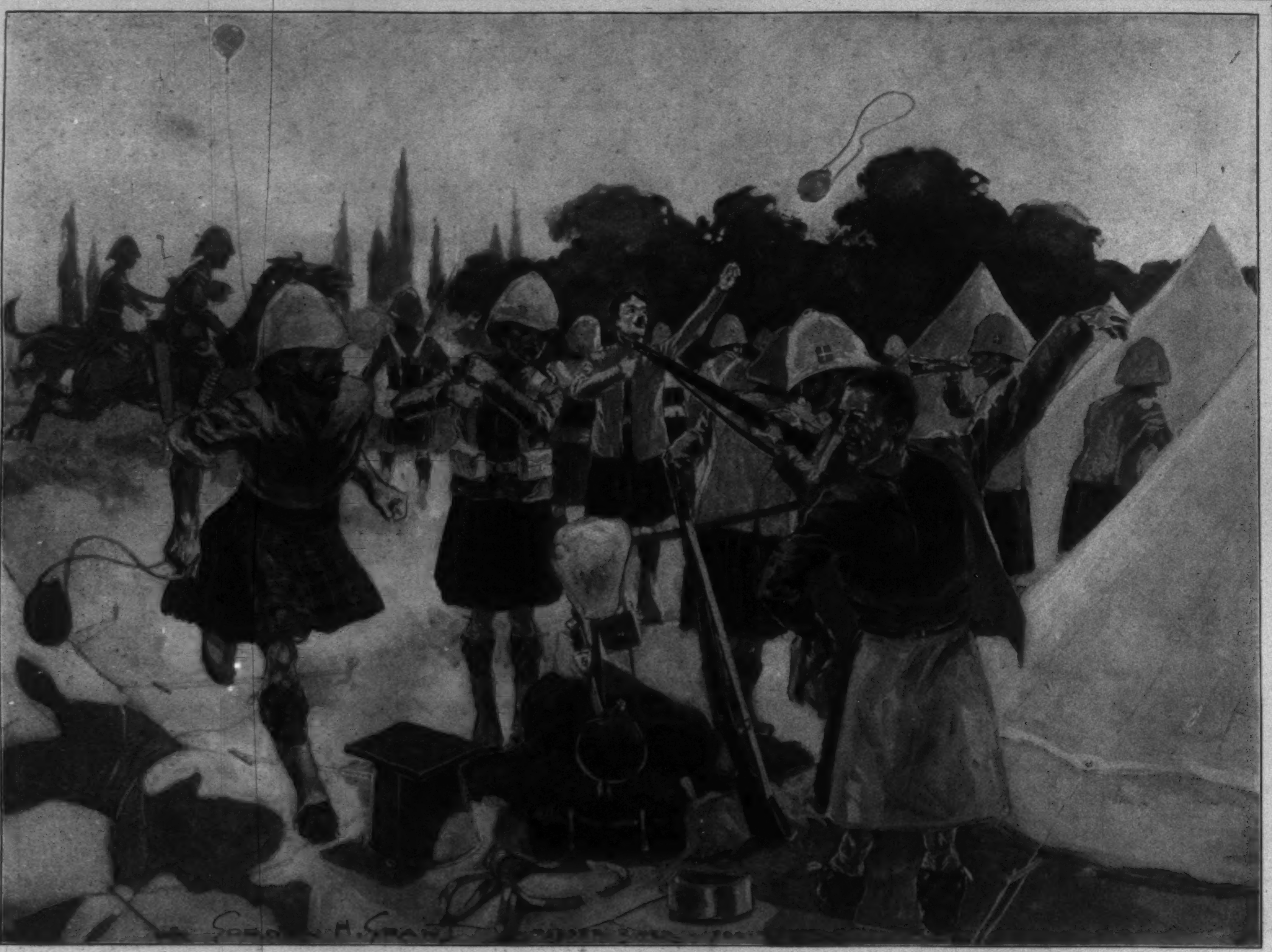


A PLUCKY SUBALTERN.

Lieutenant Birt, of the 3d Dragoon Guards, accompanied by his servant, set out from camp to look for lost horses behind Palmetfontein. He discovered about twenty Boers retiring to their picket, and managed by a quick dash to capture one man who had straggled from the main body. As Lieutenant Birt was bringing in his prisoner the other Boers gave chase, and kept up a running fire, wounding the horses of both the lieutenant and his servant. One shot knocked Birt's rifle out of his hand; but calling on his companions to halt, he calmly dismounted and recovered it, and the Boer prisoner was safely landed in camp.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Drawings by Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist in the Field for "Harper's Weekly."



THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS RESPONDING TO AN ALARM.

DRAWN BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

On Monday afternoon, February 5, while many of the Highlanders were bathing in the Modder River, a Lancer galloped into camp and announced that a force of Boers was advancing. The Gordons, a company of Lancers, and a half battery of Artillery turned out, and succeeded in driving the enemy back.

THE TURNING-POINT IN CUBAN AFFAIRS

BY EDWIN WARREN GUYOL, EDITOR OF "LA LUCHA," HAVANA

A GREAT deal has been and is being said to imply that a certain amount of feeling against Americans animates Cubans, and that it grows stronger and more apparent as the days go by.

Surface evidence causes many unthinking, unreasoning Americans to accept and cleave to a theory of ingratitude and dislike on the part of Cubans.

Unfortunately our Latin friends do not hesitate to confirm this supposition to a casual observer.

But, by going beneath the surface, one finds that the sentiment is rather one of injury over being "humbugged," and resentment of attempts to deceive with specious arguments which *might* delude an infant.

Also, there is a belief among Cubans that their interests are suffering through supine officials. That much which could—and should—have been accomplished months past is still waiting to be unwound from its swathings of red-tape.

And I, after careful consideration, thorough understanding, and due regard for every item of weight, unhesitatingly say to my own countrymen that they alone are to blame.

Americans have apparently come to Cuba with but one idea actuating officials and another in the minds of civilians.

The former seem to think of nothing but the best means of occupying their time in a way which will assist them in tolerating their enforced stay among surroundings and people foreign to their likes.

Civilians come with the desire to make money from a race of innocents—to make fortunes in as short a time and by as doubtful means as circumstances will permit. In other terms, to practise the great American game of "Skin."

Certainly there are many exceptions to both classes; I refer to what constitutes the majority.

Cubans have learned the truths above mentioned and are growing conservative.

Furthermore, the American administration in Cuba has been replete with error and delay, due chiefly to ignorance on the part of authorities attempting to judge and rule a Latin race according to tenets of Americanism.

Shafter made the first mistake, at Santiago, when he incurred the anger of every Cuban on the island by refusing to allow Garcia and his party of half-starved, worse-clad Cubans to participate in the occupation of a city which is more intensely Cuban—revolutionary Cuban—than any other part of the island.

The East has always been regarded as essentially the property of the Cuba Libre partisans. Spain has invariably conceded this to be the case. Carlos Manuel Cespedes, President of the republic, and leader of the army at the beginning of the Ten Years' War, was killed near Santiago. Likewise was José Marti, chief among the inaugurators of the last war.

Santiago has been the Cuban capital, figuratively and actually, since the dreams of an independent nationality first filled the heads of men tired of suffering Spanish domination.

Consequently, the men under Garcia felt that *their* city had been wrested from Spain by *their* allies, and was to be restored to *themselves*, its rightful owners.

They wished to share the glory accruing to men who had successfully vanquished an enemy.

It is well enough to say that these Cubans had done little or nothing, and that the result would have been the same without them. That is not the question. The American nation undertook an immense task when its Congress placed itself before the world on April 12, 1898—a task which involved the whipping of one nation and establishing another.

The surrender of Santiago was merely a preliminary step—a preparatory move towards beginning the truly difficult and dangerous work.

Cubans are people of sentiment, and gratitude to Americans was apparent in every man, woman, and child. But the blare of trumpets, the wave of flags, the roll of drums, and cheers of the populace are dear to the Latin heart—as dear and intoxicating, in fact, as the deed which excites display of public recognition and appreciation.

When General Shafter refused permission to Garcia and his followers, who wished to enter the city with him, he unnecessarily wounded the susceptibilities of every resident of the island—Spaniards excepted—and caused a feeling of resentment to spread from Cape Maysi to Cape San Antonio.

Had a tactful man been in command of the American forces, Garcia would have been given the place of honor on the staff of the American chief, and his army would have entered Santiago with the American forces.

Had there been any evidence of a desire on their part to create a disturbance, there were enough American forces in Santiago to have annihilated Garcia and his poor little army before supper-time.

On January 1, 1899, General Brooke practically repeated what Shafter had done. When the island was delivered to the United States we had fifteen thousand well-equipped, powerfully built, eager volunteers in Havana city. As fine a body of men as the sun ever shone on was that Seventh Army Corps. And the regulars—Eighth and Tenth Infantry, First, Fifth, and Seventh Cavalry—were not in the least behind them. A fighting force of men sufficient to have accounted for themselves against any equal number in the world.

But Brooke listened to advice given by malicious schemers, and forbade the entry into the city of the Cuban soldiery, who were willing to ride in in a body and observe, if they could not take part in, the parade.

The result was that from one end of Havana to the other residents drew in the thousands of Cuban and American flags which had been flying side by side the day before.

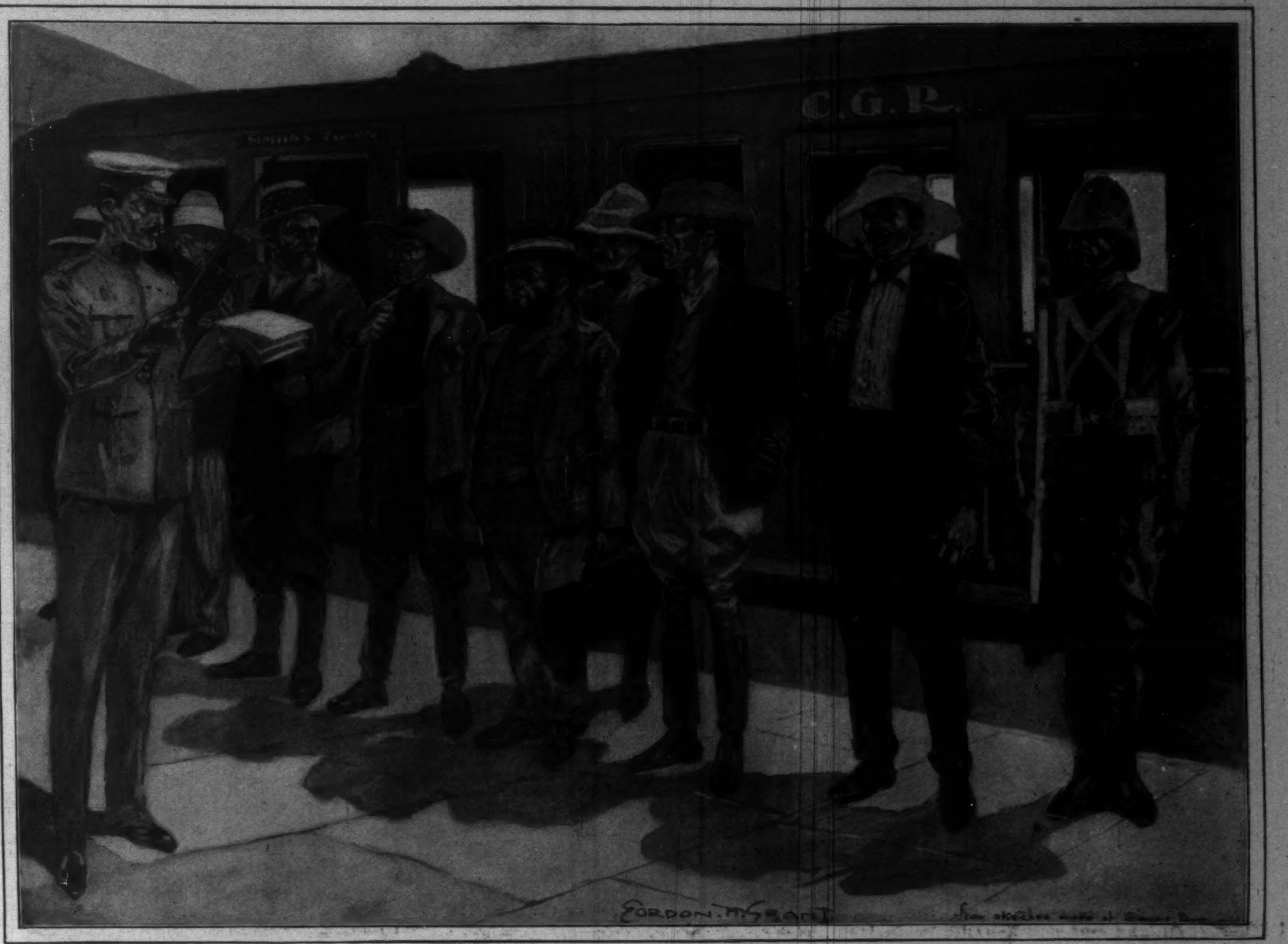
It may readily be seen, therefore, that the auspices under which General Brooke began the actual remodelling of affairs gubernatorial were not the most desirable.

His inconsiderate treatment on January 1 had created an impression which was not conducive to establishing cordial relations between himself and his *pro tem.* subjects.

In his attitude towards themselves Cubans believed they were viewing a forecast of the future policy to be adopted in Washington.

Even in spite of this, had Brooke been the right man in the place, developments would have been far more rapid and satisfactory, Cubans would have been appeased, sentiment would have been considered, and cordiality would have extended instead of decreasing.

Brooke was an exceedingly conservative man in most



BOER PRISONERS ARRIVING AT SIMON'S TOWN.

DRAWN BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

Prisoners on their arrival from the interior are immediately sent on board either the "Manila" or "Catalonia," lying in Simon's Bay. The men shown in this drawing were taken at Rensburg. The two on the extreme right are English farmers who were commandeered to fight in the Boer army and placed in the front of the battle.

respects, with many narrow ideas, and very hard to approach.

His good traits were many. He was kind, generous, and honestly felt deeply the pitiable condition of affairs.

But he lacked energy, was too credulous, not sufficiently firm to say "stop" when necessary, and was obstinate to a degree when an attack was made on any project which he himself had fathered. He delivered himself into the hands of a cabinet of shrewd, unscrupulous men who had played to every audience in the theatre of Cuban-Spanish politics during the last few years.

He trusted his own judgment implicitly in making selections of secretaries, disregarded the protests of public and press, and maintained them in office until the end of his reign—an end which they brought about.

During the year of their work, Capote and Lanuza were doing nothing but giving employment to relatives and other scoundrels, and pulling the wool over the eyes of Brooke.

Brooke was shown, personally and through the newspapers, that these smooth rogues were ruining him and prejudicing Cubans against the entire American nation. He would calmly say to men who had attended college with the secretaries, to Americans who had lived here ten years, "Gentlemen, you are very much mistaken, and are cruelly misjudging most excellent, honorable men."

When Brooke was removed, matters had reached a dangerous stage. The jails were full of innocent, persecuted men; the asylums were caring for children who were subjected to abuse and deprivation, while the administrators were using the funds supplied them.

The courts were being operated just as in former days. Schools had not been opened, nor had plans for their organization been formulated. Ludlow was plotting to succeed Brooke, and was constantly agitating factional discontent. The muttering and growing animosity became more apparent daily.

Wood came.

This gave hope to the Cubans throughout the island, reports from Santiago having long shown that the Easterners believed in this doctor-governor.

Since his arrival there has been more actual, visible, beneficial work done than there was during the entire year gone by. Where Brooke came to his office at 10 A.M. and went driving in the afternoon, Wood is to be found at his desk by eight, an hour for lunch, another for dinner, bed at midnight. And the rapidity with which he grasps a subject enables him to accomplish a tremendous amount in a given time.

Where Brooke asked and blindly accepted advice from one or two men, then allowed them to do as they pleased, Wood consults a dozen, then issues instructions, *and sees that they are obeyed.* Where Brooke received "reports," Wood makes personal inspections. Where Brooke "filed" or "respectfully referred" complaints, Wood conducts an investigation.

Wood declares himself candidly, and proves his declarations to be sincere. His policy, which he will carry out to the end unless interfered with by Washington, can be summed up in a few words. He will trust Cubans always, and help them prevent themselves from betraying the confidence. He will convince these people that he is sincere in his desire to place them on their feet, by showing them that he realizes that he needs their assistance to insure their success, and that successful accomplishment of the task before him means his own future assured.

Cubans are being shown every consideration by Wood, who appreciates their natures thoroughly, and understands that what might appear trivial to an American may mean the lasting friendship or enmity of a Latin.

He will use the greatest care in selection of incumbents for public office, and will unhesitatingly remove his own appointees should they prove unworthy.

He intends that the judicial and educational institutions shall be as nearly perfect as possible, and that they shall be the bases of the Cuban governmental establishment.

The brightest sign, in Wood's eyes, is the apparent anxiety of children and adults to obtain education. This desire is so manifest that schools are being opened as rapidly as furniture and books can be obtained.

The next step is the revision of laws. This is in the hands of two commissions of lawyers—Cuban and American, three each, with an independent commission of two Americans to advise on special points. The plan on which they will conduct the work is one of mutual consideration, suggestion, and adoption. Reformation of the judiciary will come next, beginning with the magistrates and notaries, and closing with the Supreme Tribunal.

In May we will hold municipal elections throughout the island. Mayors and municipal councils will be elected. The Electoral Commission is now hard at work on plans for suffrage and polling regulations. What they will adopt, I can assert, will be somewhat as follows: Qualifications will be, in accordance with the desire of the people, such as to permit suffrage as near universal as it is safe to approach. Knowledge of reading and writing; two hundred and fifty dollars in money or property, or a certificate of service through the war. Cubans by birth, but naturalized American citizens, may vote on relinquishing rights as such.

The blanket ballot will be used, polled in secret except when the voter cannot read. In such cases the ticket will be read to him in the presence of representatives of each party. The oath as to truth of representations regarding qualifications will be exacted from each voter, and determination to subsequently investigate all claims and prosecute for perjury will be impressed on the public beforehand.

Every effort will be made to convince the people of the advisability of eliminating factional spirit and presenting as few parties as possible. In spite of all efforts, some towns will run as many as fifteen candidates for the mayoralty.

Qualifications for candidacy will be—knowledge of reading and writing, freedom from any criminal record or pending criminal charge, and endorsement by at least ten per cent. of the voting population of the corporation represented.

The present acting mayors will be required to manage the elections with their own police, no soldiery to be used unless in case of rioting. There will be no policemen at the polls, merely patrolling the cities.

The people generally will be urged to remember that they are approaching the crucial point. That the elections will be accepted as a criterion of what they can do for themselves. That this is the crisis. That officers now elected are only to serve one year; and that, with so many interested parties eager to see Cubans display characteristics inimical to a nation wishing self-government, it will be better to vote for an enemy than create a disturbance.

We all believe that these elections will come and go without any trouble whatever, and are confident that we will have no cause for regret of our faith in Cuba and the Cubans.

Once they have ended, will come the beginning of the wind-up of American military occupation. Commencing in June, troops will be returned to the States. Six thousand will go, leaving us in the neighborhood of four thousand. These will be composed of cavalry to move around when necessary, and artillery to care for forts and guns.

The rural guard as a body will be done away with, except in the wild districts of Santiago, Puerto Principe, and Santa Clara provinces. Instead, the municipal police will be mounted in suburban villages, and will maintain surveillance over rural property.

Then Cuba will, for the first time since her discovery, settle down to a purely civil life, with no fear of interference from an arbitrary military régime.

Let Leonard Wood alone, and it is safe to assume that he will, during one more year, have insular affairs in such shape that he will conduct general elections, elect a President and Congress, have a constitution framed, and turn over to a grateful people what he wishes to build as much as they to have—a model republic.

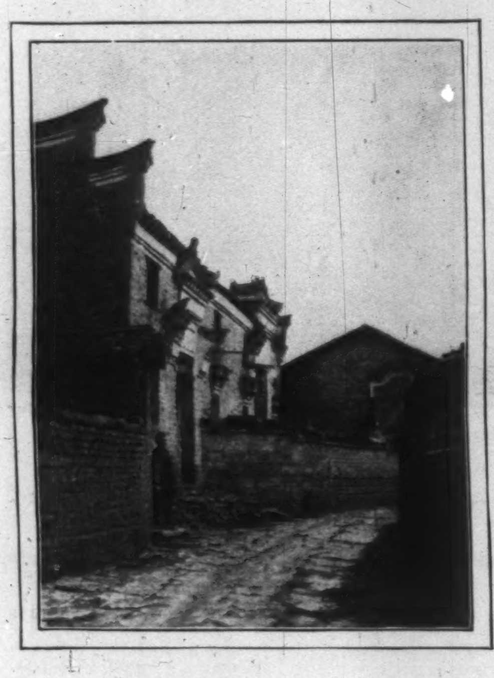
HU-NAN
THE CLOSED PROVINCE OF CHINA

By WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS

III *The Interior*

WHEN the American party left Chang-sha the *Mary Ann* and consort were exchanged for three smaller junks of lighter draught, as the former were too large to proceed farther at the existing low stage of the river.

While on the Siang our flotilla was always accompanied by one or more river gunboats. These boats are intended to protect the trading-junks from attacks of river pirates, which would otherwise be of frequent occurrence. They are from fifty to seventy-five feet in length, with a beam of eight to ten feet, are flat-bottomed, and draw but one foot. On the overhanging stern is a little cabin for the commander, the crew sleeping at night under an awning stretched over the boat. They are constructed of a native wood whose grain somewhat resembles yellow pine, which is oiled only, so that the wood is left bright and its fine grain fully brought out. They are furnished with a square sail stiffened with bamboo slats, hoisting on a pine mast without stays. If there is an adverse or no wind, they can be easily rowed. They are armed with a small cast-iron cannon, about a three or a six pounder, fixed on the bow, while the crew of eight to twelve men are furnished with swords and muskets, the latter being generally of a very old type, even matchlocks being not rare. These gunboats are always kept in the pink of condition and repair. The sails are of cotton canvas, sometimes colored blue, and must be constantly changed, as we never saw one in bad order. The crew see to it that the boat itself is always shipshape and spotlessly clean; in fact, when any one boards a gunboat one of the crew immediately presents a wet mop, on which the feet must be wiped. All this appears most striking in a country where the direct opposite, in the way of untidiness and uncleanliness and lack of attention to repair, is the universal rule. How the gunboats ever escaped contamination I could not learn; but they have, and the traveller is thankful, as they are a joy to watch.



A DECORATED INN.

At night our boats were brought close together, with gunboats on the flanks to protect them from the petty river thieves. Watch was kept faithfully, sentries being armed with a loud bamboo rattle, which they sounded at intervals of every ten minutes. Everywhere in China the night watchman is thus supplied, with the idea of frightening away thieves. The practical result is, however, to give exact information of the whereabouts of the guard, and enable the thief to lie in waiting until the guard has passed on his rounds. On one occasion we gave a present to the crew of a gunboat. The captain, to show his appreciation, had double guards set that night, who sounded their rattles without cessation, making sleep an impossibility. We gave no more presents until we were sure that we would permanently part company with the crew.

It was not long before it became desirable to procure a horse to enable one of the engineers to ride. This was no easy matter, as horses are used but little. However, we finally found a man who could accommodate us, and early the next morning he brought around for our inspection an animal that he called a horse, but which, had its ears been longer, might have passed as a large donkey. Price, 40 taels. We looked him over, an operation not requiring much time, and bid 10 taels. The owner replied that 40 taels was his lowest price, but if we meant business he would say 35 taels, or would consider an offer. We assured him of our business intentions, and raised our figure to 12 taels. A horse trade is always an interesting ceremony, but how much more so under these circumstances, where a foreigner was to supply the victim! Each bid and counter-proposition was received with loud shouts of approval by the crowd, who offered advice freely and impartially to both principals, for they were divided in their desire to see the foreigner swindled and in their anxiety not to establish too high a market value for horseflesh. When the difference between the negotiators became so small that a trade was evidently in sight, it was suggested that we go within the temple where we had spent the night and conclude matters, and where at last we reached an agreement of 20 taels, saddle included. Our money was in bullion, for the tael is not a coin, but a weight of silver, and the closest approximation to 20 taels that we could make was $19\frac{74}{100}$, which our Chinese friend declined as not according to compact. We told him we would make up the difference by throwing in something, and for him to select. After inspecting our belongings he picked out an empty Apollinaris bottle, saying that he had owned a bottle once and had found it very useful, but some years since it was unfortunately broken. We told him that we too came from a country where the bottle was appreciated and highly valued, and for him to choose again. In the mean time our servants had packed nearly everything preparatory to the day's march, and the only portable thing left, and that of course had no value, was the rind of pumaloe, a kind of orange about the size of a muskmelon, and which can be easily taken from the skin by merely cutting the latter in two. This empty rind he was offered, and, to our surprise, it was promptly and gladly accepted. Whether he saw some special virtue in it, whether he had not recognized it, and thought it a peculiar foreign article, or whether it was done merely to "save face," on which they set so much store, I do not know, but the last we saw of that man he was hugging his rind like a treasure. Before we had seen the last of his horse, however, we felt that if the pumaloe rind had constituted the whole of the purchase-price we still would have been the losers.

It is surprising how closely the people in one section of the country pattern after those elsewhere, when one remembers the lack, almost absolute lack, of intercommunication. But in spite of the general sameness, which perhaps appears greater than it is on account of the uniformity in physiognomy of the people, with the Mongolian coloring and jet-black hair, there were many peculiar customs which appeared to be localized, as many of them were found only in small districts, and travelled Chinese who accompanied me said that they had before seen similar things elsewhere in the empire. Of these the most singular was the carrying of small bamboo baskets lined with sheet metal and filled with hot wood-ashes. Such baskets the women in one locality suspend from a belt beneath their short blouses. Sometimes the baskets are worn in front, sometimes behind, while occasionally in both places, according apparently to the fancy of the wearer. Children also made use of the heating apparatus, but men only rarely.

A GUARD-BOAT.

In farming methods the Chinaman in the interior is, of course, centuries behind. His grain he is accustomed to spread on the ground and drive over it his beast of burden, the water-buffalo, drawing a stone roller, in order to thresh it, while in some places I saw hay-ricks built around trees as a centre support, and apparently the method of constructing which was to begin at the top and work down, instead of up, as do farmers elsewhere. Farming and boating, however, are the Chinaman's great occupations, and in which he most excels.

TWO FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

The horse is little used in China, as has been stated before, but when he is and he needs shoeing the extensiveness of the ceremony makes up for any deficiency resulting from frequent occurrence of the operation. Two straight poles are firmly planted in the ground, with a cross-arm at the top. Suspended from the latter, and fastened head and tail to the two first, the horse is finally secured, and then the farrier is ready to begin his work, to the delight of an audience usually of no mean dimensions.

But for ingenuity of adapting means to an end, his fishing arrangements excel all others. Instead of bothering with nets, which are apt to break and call for repairs, or with hooks and lines, which may not be easy to procure, the fisherman on most of the rivers in the interior makes use of cormorants—large black birds which are by nature fish-hunters, and which become by tuition very docile. He will start out on his piscatorial quest in a small boat, with from six to a dozen of his feathered helpers, to whom he has omitted probably to give a breakfast. Once on the fishing-grounds, the birds begin to dive for fish, but which, as their owner tied a string around each neck, they cannot swallow. As each fish is brought to the surface the boatman relieves the bird of its prey, and therefore, according to the dictates of nature, it dives again. When the boat is full the fisherman removes the strings about the necks, rewards each bird with a fish, and returns home.

The southern and eastern portions of the province are not so densely populated nor so well developed as the central part, nor as the great tea-producing belt in the north. The streams are smaller, giving more difficult means of travel, while the broken topography renders farming less profitable. These are, however, the mineral districts, where there is stored, awaiting development, incomputable wealth.

The last place of importance in Hu-nan is Chên-chou, a prefecture town, with its fine arched bridge of five spans crossing the Yu-tan River, and its picturesque old gateways with curved wooden lattices. It has a population of five thousand to eight thousand, and is evidently still a prosperous place, although not now of the importance

THE LAST OF HU-NAN.

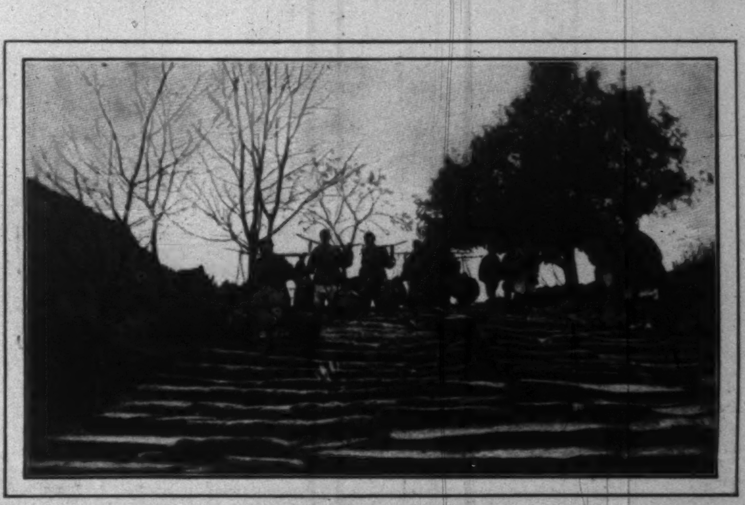
HAY-RICKS.

HORSE-SHOEING.

that it was in those days when the Che-ling highway, of which it is the northern gateway, was jammed with traffic.

Between the heads of navigation of the Wu-shui River, on the south side of the Nan-ling range leading to Canton, and the Yu-tan, a tributary to the Yang-tse on the north side, is a distance of but thirty miles, so that commerce between Canton and any point in the Yang-tse Valley can be reached by boats, with this single and small exception. This highway, crossing the mountains by the Che-ling Pass, terminating at Ichang on one end and Chên-chou on the other, has therefore been the great trade route between north and south China for certainly three thousand years, and perhaps more—that is, during the time when the whole of history has been written. It stands to-day as one of the great monuments of China's past, compared with which other relics of antiquity seem but as things of yesterday. Many, many years ago this road was paved for a width of fifteen feet with large flat stones, ranging in size from one to four feet square. Deep in these stones there are worn hollows by the bare feet of the coolies carrying their loads like beasts of burden, or there are dug actual holes where the feet of the ponies, jogging along with short steps, have struck. It was and still is lined with shops and with inns serving accommodations on a cheap scale for coolies and teamsters, and on an elaborate scale for mandarins or rich Cantonese, who, if they had the funds, could gratify their taste with any expensive luxury. But the opening of the Yang-tse to commerce in 1861 seriously damaged the prestige of this route, for with goods going from or to Canton it was found more economical to take a steam-vessel to or from Hankow, and be thence distributed. Since then its importance has been gradually diminishing, so that the traffic now passing to and fro, although still considerable, is but a small fraction of what it once was. The rich merchant no longer frequents it, and the elaborately decorated inn erected for his entertainment is dropping to decay. Shops and resting-places for the coolies or pony-drivers are actually abandoned, and the great trade route which for so many centuries has resounded with the almost continuous patter of the human foot or the clatter of the ponies' hoofs is now becoming more and more disused, and stands, like so many other things in this country stand, an eloquent but silent witness of the past. It had been expected that we could utilize the approximate location of this highway for the route of the railway, but a careful examination revealed the fact that the Chinaman had not found the true pass at all, which lay some three miles to the eastward, and at an elevation of about 150 feet lower. For ten, twenty, thirty, or some other number of centuries the poor coolies have been carrying their loads, quite unnecessarily, up and down 150 feet of elevation. What a waste of human energy!

Ten miles after crossing the range we reached the borders of Hu-nan, and passed into the province of Kwang-tung. On reaching the frontier-line, which crossed our path where it ran through a little village, a very pretty ceremony was performed. Our guard was, of course, composed of Hu-nanese soldiers, but as we were about to pass into the viceroyalty of the “Two Kwangs” (Kwang-tung and Kwang-si), they had reached the limit of their jurisdiction. Our Cantonese guard was on hand ready to receive us, and in their mushroom hats presented quite a difference in appearance to the uniforms we had been accustomed to. The two bodies of troops, having saluted, the Hu-nanese soldiers passed over into Kwang-tung and lined up along the highway, and in like manner the Cantonese soldiers formed in Hu-nan. The Kwang-tung captain was then introduced. The Hu-nan general came up, “chin-chinned” his farewell, and then shook hands like a foreigner. When I came to say good-by to the two Hu-nanese soldiers who had formed my particular body-guard, who had carried my camera or my pack, and who had looked after my little personal wants in so many thoughtful ways, I was indeed sorry, for I was parting from two faithful friends. Then with one last look at Hu-nan, the journey across which I had regarded with so much anxiety, but where, with two exceptions, I had been treated with uniform kindness, courtesy, and attention by both officials and people, I signified my readiness to proceed, and said good-by to Hu-nan by saluting her soldiers as I walked past their front.



THE CHE-LING HIGHWAY.

THE ACTION AND THE WORD.[*]

By Brander Matthews

CHAPTER IX.

EVERT and his wife occupied the front room over the drawing-room, and the large nursery was at the rear of the house. He went to their room and hastily changed his dress suit for clothes suitable to the work he expected to do in Boston the next morning. When he was dressed, he hesitated as to whether or not he should go into the nursery, at the risk of arousing the baby.

He heard the rustle of his wife's dressing-gown, and he turned to see her coming toward him with her finger at her lips.

“He has just gone to sleep again,” she whispered. “You haven't got to go for an hour yet, have you? There's plenty of time for a nice long talk, isn't there?”

But whatever it was she wished to say to Evert, if anything there was at all, she made no haste to approach it. She spoke first about the baby and then about his father.

At last the conversation dropped, and they sat there in silence, with the wood fire crackling and sparkling before them, and with the storm steadily rising outside.

Then Evert saw her look at the clock and bite her lips impatiently. It seemed to him that her voice was not quite the same when she began.

“I had a visitor to-day,” she said.

“Don't you have more than one most days?” he asked.

“Oh, of course,” she replied; “I had half a dozen to-day. But I mean one in particular. It was Mr. Kilburn, the manager of the Cosmopolitan Theatre,” she explained.

“And what business had he to call on you,” asked her husband—“to call on you without an invitation, too?”

“Oh, but I did ask him,” she explained, swiftly.

“You asked him to call on you? What on earth did you want to see him for?” Evert asked.

“It was Mr. Kilburn who wanted to see me,” she responded.

“Why?” repeated her husband, already aware that his wife was beginning to be a little ill at ease.

“Why?” she echoed. “Oh, well, he had a reason for wanting to see me, and it was a good reason too.”

“Well?” he said, as she paused.

“Well,” she answered, “I suppose I've got to tell you about it—but promise me you won't be angry;” and she laid her arm along his shoulder.

“Of course I sha'n't be angry,” Evert declared. “It would take more than this Kilburn to make me angry. What is it that you want?”

“It's a great favor,” she answered; “at least, you'll think so, I'm afraid. And I don't know how to ask you.”

“Why not?” he inquired, thinking how lovely she looked with the firelight playing on her burnished hair.

“You won't like my asking you; at least, I'm ever so much afraid you won't,” she answered. “But if I must, I must. Well, then, Mr. Kilburn was here this afternoon—now don't frown like that! You don't look so handsome when you frown, and I don't want you to go to Boston not looking your best!” And she left the fireplace, where she had been standing, and came to her husband, and smoothed out his hair, and rippled little waves in it.

“There, that's better!”

He reached up, and pulled her toward him, and kissed her.

“Don't you muss the lace on this!” she cried, kissing him and then drawing back. “I never let anybody but baby touch me when I have this on.”

Evert's eye happened to fall on the clock. It was about to strike eleven.

“Now will you tell me what it is that you are making all this mystery about?” he asked.

“You are in a better temper now, aren't you?” she replied. “Well, it's just this. Mr. Kilburn called here this afternoon to see me. You know he's the manager of the Cosmopolitan Theatre?”

“Yes,” Evert admitted; “I know that.”

“That's the theatre where Sherrington is stage-manager,” she resumed, “and so, of course, Mr. Kilburn must have heard all about me from Sherrington. I must say I always found Sherrington very nice; they say he's so hard; but he wasn't hard to me, now was he?”

“As if any man could be hard to you!” Evert answered, smiling in spite of the doubts which began to possess him.

“Except my own husband!” she smiled back. “He's so hard sometimes I don't dare ask him a favor.”

“You must be very frightened of him to-night,” said Evert, “or you would come to the point.”

“I am coming to it as fast as I can,” she explained. “It was Sherrington who said I had the artistic temperament. I suppose he told Mr. Kilburn that. At any rate, Mr. Kilburn came here this afternoon to ask me if he couldn't manage me for a twenty weeks' tour in the leading cities of the United States.”

Her husband looked at her. “Manage you?” he repeated. “Does the man mean that he wants you to go on the stage and act in the regular theatres?”

“That was what he meant,” she acknowledged.

“What impudence!” cried Evert, rising impatiently to his feet. “I wish I had been here! I'd have given him a piece of my mind! The insolence of it! That's what amazes me. Did the man think that you had nothing better to do than to desert your home and go strolling about the country, exhibiting yourself to any fool with a dollar?”

“A dollar?” she echoed, indignantly. “Certainly not! Mr. Kilburn said he was going to double the price of tickets. He was sure I'd fill the house even if the orchestra was all three dollars. That's why he was ready to offer such good terms.”

“Terms?” Evert repeated. “You don't mean to say you actually let this man suppose that for a single second you were willing to consider the suggestion?”

“Now, Evert,” she pleaded, “don't be so violent. I did listen to him, that's a fact, and he was very persuasive. I do wish you had been here and heard what he said. If you had heard him, you wouldn't be so unreasonable now.”

“Don't you think he is a little unreasonable when he comes here and calmly proposes that you should give up your home and your family, your husband and your child, just that he can make a few dollars?” Evert retorted.

“But he will make a great many dollars,” she replied; “and so shall I. He says he's sure—oh, certain sure!—I could be the biggest attraction on the road—think of that! He says he wouldn't wonder if I played to fifteen thousand a week for three weeks in Chicago. And he doesn't want to make a hard bargain, either; he offers splendid terms.”

“And what do I get?” her husband asked, a little bitterly.

“Of course you get all the money I make,” she explained, coming nearer to him. “You don't suppose I want the money for myself, do you? That would be too mean. It's for you and baby and all of us.”

“So you have gone so far as to decide what is to be done with the money you are going to make by acting in theatres all over the country?” asked Evert.

“Not all over the country,” she replied. “Of course not—only in the cities. It's true Mr. Kilburn thinks there might be money in playing the one-night stands in New England, but we haven't settled that yet.”

“What have you settled?” inquired her husband, chill with apprehension that she might have made the fatal decision without waiting for him.

“Of course there's nothing positively settled yet,” she explained. “I told him that I'd have to consult you and

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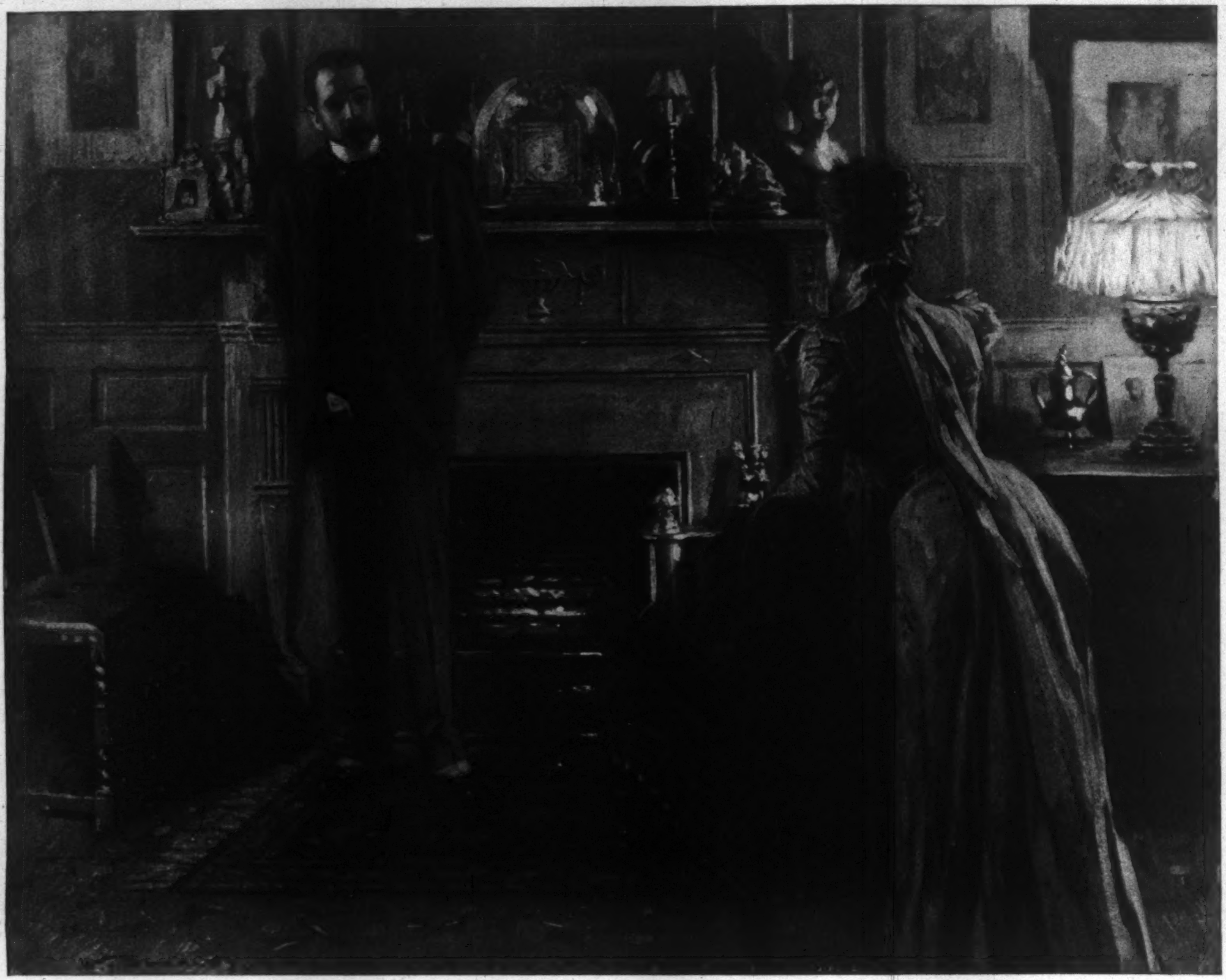
[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2250.



"AND THIS IS WHAT MARRIAGE IS, IS IT?"

see what you thought about it. Then we were undecided about the name."

"The name?" echoed Evert.

"The name I'm to be billed by," she answered. "Mr. Kilburn thought that 'Carla Brookfield' would be very attractive, just copying my signature, you know; but finally he came to the conclusion that 'Mrs. Evert Brookfield' was more dignified. It gave more of a society air, he said. And then he had a capital idea. He's going to have it printed on a sixteen-sheet poster—one of those great big ones you see on the fences when they are building; well, he's going to have it printed just like my visiting-card, you know, plain black on white, with 'Every evening at 8.15' down in one corner, just as if it was scrawled with a pencil when I was calling. That will be effective, won't it?"

"Yes," Evert repeated, not knowing how to take it; "that will be effective."

"And I liked that name best, because I'd like everybody to know I'm your wife. I think it's simply absurd of Archibald to call herself 'Miss' when she's been married twice. Then we talked about the money I shall make," Carla continued, her courage having returned to her, and her interest in the stage taking possession of her. "Mr. Kilburn must be a very good business man, and he said he could suggest lots of first-rate investments to me."

Evert could not restrain a hard laugh. "Isn't that counting your chickens a little too soon?"

"I suppose it is early for that," she admitted, "but it is well to look ahead, isn't it? You see, I'm not such a fool as you seem to think I am sometimes; and Mr. Kilburn offered me a thousand dollars a week and ten per cent. of the gross and all our travelling expenses, with our own private car, and half the profits, too?"

"Oh," said Evert, merely for the sake of talking, "you are to have half the profits?"

"Isn't that generous of him?" she responded. "And he said he was going to work up the biggest boom for me anybody had ever seen since Bernhardt was here the first time; and he told me he thought I might make as much as five thousand dollars a week, and in the twenty weeks that would be a hundred thousand dollars. And that would be very nice, wouldn't it? You see, I've been thinking it all out by myself, and I'm going to be the business woman of the family."

Evert looked at her and said nothing.

"I don't see why I shouldn't be the bread-winner for us both," Carla went on. "I'd like baby to have ever so much money when he grows up—the dear! Now you never expect to make a great big fortune, do you, Evert?"

He answered that he saw no prospect of it.

"You never expect to be a millionaire, do you?"

And again he admitted that his expectations were more modest.

"Well, then," she returned, "why shouldn't I do it? A hundred thousand dollars a year—why, in ten years that would be a million, wouldn't it? And I shouldn't be really too old to act even then. But a million would be sufficient, I suppose. How much do you make a year, Evert?"

"I?" he asked, aroused from the dumb astonishment in which he had been listening to her. "I make five or ten thousand a year, and next year I shall do better, with the Methuselah building."

"And I got you that, didn't I?" she retorted, gayly. "I talked to that old man and his frump of a wife until he just had to give you the job. But in the future we needn't bother about teeny little things like that. A million in ten years! That would be worth having, and to think that it will be all of my making! Won't you be proud of your little wife then? And a million isn't so much, either—Bernhardt has made more than that, and Patti ever so much more. Why shouldn't I?"

Evert winced. "Now, Carla," he began, trying to control his voice, "don't mention yourself with them."

"Why not?" she asked, cheerfully. "I know they were not in society. I know all about that, of course; but, after all, what does that matter to a great artist?"

"Are you so sure you will be a great artist?" was her husband's next question.

"Not at first, I suppose," she replied. "But in time, why not? I told you Sherrington said I had the artistic temperament. Well, then? Besides, Bernhardt and Patti had to be beginners once."

"Don't," he begged of her; "don't keep talking of those women."

"I won't if you'd rather I didn't," she replied. "I'll try to do everything you wish."

He looked at her again, and he could not discover that this was not said in all sincerity.

"Carla," he began, as calmly as he could, "if you go on the stage and act in Chicago and everywhere else, what is to become of me?"

"You?" she asked. "Why, you will be with me all the time, of course! You didn't suppose I meant to leave you behind, did you?"

"How can I leave the office for weeks at a time?" he asked her next.

"But you can give up the office," she explained. "If I'm going to make a million in ten years, what's the use of your slaving in the office and working yourself to death just for five thousand dollars a year?"

"Do you really expect me to abandon my work and let you support me in idleness?" be asked.

"I don't see why you shouldn't," was her answer. "I've let you support me ever since I was married, haven't I? And you must know how delighted I'd be to have you use just as much of my money as you wanted."

"Would you be willing to have me come to you whenever I wanted fifty cents to tip a waiter?" was his question.

"Of course not," she answered. "You would have plenty of pocket-money for yourself—why, you would have it all; I don't want it for myself!"

"Do you want me to give up my own life to be nothing but Mrs. Brookfield's husband," he asked, "following you round like a dog, holding your wrap for you so that you won't catch cold when you come off the stage, seeing the reporters for you, taking up your quarrels and almost coming to blows with the husbands of rival actresses—"

"Oh, but there won't be any rival actresses," she interrupted, emphatically. "Why, I am to be starred all alone, and of course I shall select the company. By-the-way, I wonder if Gurney Twiss would like an engagement; he is only an amateur, but then he does look like a gentleman, after all."

Evert allowed her to finish, and then he said, very quietly, "And the baby?"

"Baby," she repeated; "what has he got to do with it?"

"What are you going to do with him while you are being boomed in Chicago?" insisted Evert.

"I've thought about baby, too, and I really don't know what is best," she admitted. "I don't see why he can't stay here with your father for the present—he's ever so fond of him; and then I shall feel so much safer when I am away, feeling there's a doctor in the same house with him. And when he grows up a little—when he's nine or ten—I suppose we could put him in a good boarding-school."

"Oh, Carla!" said the father.

And she resented at once the reproach she perceived in this. "Now, Evert, don't be so unreasonable! You talk as if I was a bad mother. You know I'm perfectly devoted to baby. You ask your father if he's ever seen a more devoted mother than I am. Isn't that just like a man? They think a woman ought to be kept in the nursery all the time! Now I left the nursery more than ten years ago, and I'm not going back there, even for baby's sake. Besides, Lina says I spoil him, as it is, and she's very faithful; and I shouldn't be afraid as long as she had charge of him."

"Do you know what this means that you are talking about—this going on the stage? It means separation!"

"But I told you I wanted you to go with me everywhere," she cried. "I'm not going away unless I can take you with me. And I'm sure I ought to know what it means better than you do, for I've thought about it longer. It means money for all of us, so that you can have lots of things you would like. I've heard you wish you had a four-in-hand. Well, you can have it, if I make a hundred thousand a year; or you can have a yacht, or anything else."

"It means separation," he repeated. "You might as well understand it now, once for all. It means separation. There may be men willing to live on their wives' earnings, but I don't belong to that breed."

"Why, Evert!" she said, in dismay, "I don't see why you should take it like that. I thought you might not like it at first, but you always have let me have my own way so far, and—"

"And I shall not try to thwart you now," he answered. "If you want to go on the stage, go. But don't expect me to have anything to do with it. If you go, you will have to go alone."

"Go without you to all sorts of places I don't know anything about?" she replied. "Oh, I couldn't—I couldn't! It's cruel of you to suggest it."

He saw his advantage, and he pursued it. "If you go, I shall stay here with my father and my child."

"You don't mean to take baby from me?" she protested, with a rising irritation.

"Certainly not," he answered. "And you just said yourself, didn't you, that you intended to leave him here?"

"You needn't try to push me into a corner, Evert," she retorted. "It isn't fair, either! It's unmanly. That's what it is! I'd sooner have you strike me than be so brutal to me! And you a great, big, strong man, too! I should think you would be ashamed of yourself! You don't want me to have a chance to make a name for myself! You want to spoil my career! You are selfish, that's what you are, perfectly selfish! You never did think of anybody but yourself. I might have known how it would be when I married you."

She came to the chair in which he had been sitting, leaned her elbows on the back of it, and faced him.

"And this is what marriage is, is it?" she started again, with a bitter sting in her words. "You are to have everything, and I am to have nothing. You are to be master of the house and have your own way always, and I am to be treated as if I was only a spoiled child, a mere baby, not allowed to have a will of my own."

"Come, come, Carla," he said, gently, "that isn't fair, is it?"

"Fair?" she repeated. "You are not fair to me! You accuse me of wanting to abandon my child, just as if I was an unnatural mother. I shall never forgive you for that, never, not the longest day I live! I think it was too contemptible, too cruel! And you seem to think, too, that a woman ought to live in the nursery all the time, just as if she was a hired nurse. Now I've always done my duty as a mother, and I always mean to, no matter what you say to me. But I was a woman before I was a mother, wasn't I? And I think a woman has some rights, after all. She has a right to live her own life, hasn't she?"

She stopped for an answer, and Evert did not know how to check the current of her undignified volubility.

"That depends, I suppose," he began, slowly, and she interrupted him promptly.

"That depends on whether you will let her, I suppose. And suppose I renounce my dependence? Suppose I claim my right to be myself and to work for my own happiness in my own way; what then? I am not a slave, am I, or a talking doll, to be wound up and dressed and undressed again; or a squirrel in a cage, to go round and round, and never get out for a single second?"

The theatricalism of her phrases had already affected him painfully, and now in her words he thought he caught an echo of some play. The suggestion of insincerity he was afraid he had detected in her outburst was painful to him. He would rather she had really felt as she was speaking than that he should have doubted the genuineness of her emotion.

"That's what I stand for!" she declared again, when she discovered that he had made no response to her assault. "I've got a right to some happiness, haven't I, and a right to get it my own way?"

"And how about my happiness, Carla?" he could not refrain from asking.

"Your happiness?" she retorted. "Oh, you take care of that very well. That is in your own hands; you are a man! That's the way the world has been arranged by men, to suit their convenience; we women have no rights."

Speechless, he continued to stare at her, with a shrinking wonder whether her volubility was not almost hysteric.

"It's your selfishness that revolts me. I can see your motives—that's easy enough. You don't want me to be an actress, for fear I shall outshine you! That's your real reason. I see through you! Who knows the name of the architect of any building anywhere? Nobody. But everybody knows the name of a great actress. And I should be famous not only in New York, but all over the United States, where you will never be heard of!"

"Oh, Carla, Carla!" was all the stricken man could say. He listened to her with horror, sick at heart from the wounds she dealt him. It seemed to him that a great gulf had suddenly yawned between them. Yet as he saw the dark circles below her eyes, he knew that his love was great enough to bridge the chasm, even though this should be twice the breadth it was. In some strange way he felt convinced that she loved him none the less for all this violence.

The clock struck. He turned, and saw that it was half past eleven. He was glad that it was time for him to go.

"I must leave you now, Carla," he said, as he took up the suit-case she had packed for him. "I trust I may find you calmer when I return."

He went to the door, hoping that she would call him back, but she made no sign. He found the butler coming up stairs to tell him that the cab was at the door.

He sent the servant down to put his things in the cab, and he lingered, still believing that she might relent. Never before had he parted from her in anger. At last he gave up hope and left the house, not knowing in what state he should find her when he returned the next day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

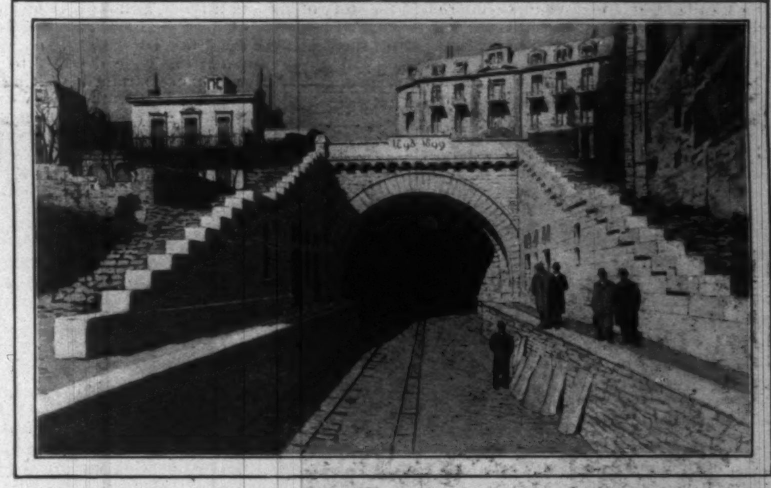
AN OBJECT-LESSON IN MUNICIPAL DECORATION

WITHOUT any question at all, Paris is the city of the world in which the art of municipal embellishment is best understood and most effectively practised. And there is also no question that this attention to these things pays Paris. In effect, it lives on its position as the most attractive capital in the world.

New York is beginning more or less clearly to perceive that it is "business" to make itself as attractive as possible; that there is an income to be derived from being that city in the United States in which those Americans who can live where they like shall prefer to live, and which all Americans shall most desire to visit. This consciousness has been brought about mainly by the unassisted and unencouraged efforts of the artists who have learned abroad, and most of all in Paris, what a city really is. The occasional embellishments, such as the naval arch and its dependencies, we owe entirely to their initiative. And in respect to permanent embellishments, it is equally to them that we owe the one measure of precaution we have ever taken, the provision in the charter for an art commission. By the nature of the case, the usefulness of this body is negative and not positive. It is for reproof and not for edification—to prevent the foisting of monstrosities upon the municipality under the guise of works of art, and in effect only under that guise. For although the Mayor has made an undisputedly good choice of a commission, and, in fact, could not, under the conditions, have made a very bad one, yet the municipal government has not availed itself of the power vested in it to call upon the commission for its opinion upon the æsthetic aspects of structures which are primarily works of utility. If it had, we may be sure that some of the designs for the bridges and viaducts which are to be among the most conspicuous objects in the general view of the city, and which have been accepted by the municipal authorities, would not have been accepted without an authoritative protest.

"They order this matter better in France," where successful pains are taken that no conspicuous works shall be of an unnecessary ugliness, and where even an engineer is not held to have "carried every point" unless he has dulcified his utilities. If New York had been Paris, its inhabitants would have been for these twenty years carried by some other medium than that of elevated roads supported on iron trestles in the streets. Civic pride would have interposed to prevent that particular solution of the problem of rapid transit. And now that that solution has served its turn and ceased to be a solution, we may be sure that some successful pains would be taken to minimize the disfigurement produced by the underground route which is to succeed the overhead, if possible to render it positively attractive.

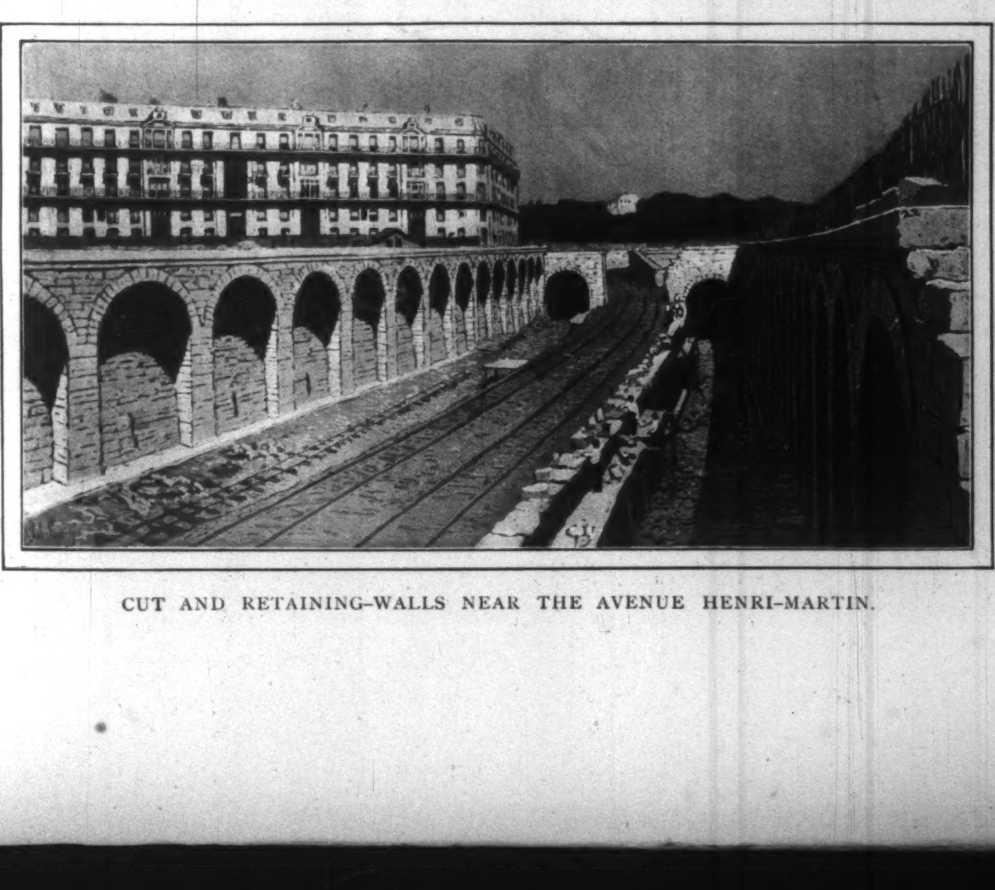
But upon this point we are not left to conjecture or inference. It happens that, just as we are engaged in awarding the contract for the tunnel through which New-Yorkers are to be carried up and down town, there appears in a Parisian journal a description of a work somewhat similar, though on a much smaller scale, which is now under construction in Paris, and is expected to be completed in time for the Exposition. And what will strike American readers with most surprise is that the journal in which this description appears is a journal not of engineering but of architecture, *L'Architecture*, and that text and illustrations relate exclusively to the appearance of the work.



ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL NEAR BOULAINVILLIERS STATION.

The work is the sinking of the tracks of two lines of railway, that of Auteuil and that of the Invalides aux Moulineaux, which meet and cross, one under the other, in a fashionable quarter of Paris, emerging at different levels from a tunnel into an open cut, where they become visible to the inhabitants of the houses near by. It is safe to say that an American contractor, in these circumstances, would pay no regard to the sensibilities of these persons, or to the effect which his work might have upon them. It is different in Paris. "The engineers of the companies," says our Parisian contemporary, "find themselves forced to a special study respecting the appearance of these urban parts of their system. Not only the buildings intended for stations, but the erections of all kinds, as well as the platforms, the retaining-walls, the tunnels, the bridges, must naturally be treated in different ways in the neighborhood of avenues lined with handsome houses and in the quarters begrimed by factories." How the judicious American reader must wish that there were some way of causing American engineers to "find themselves forced" to a special study respecting the appearance of their work! This attention to appearances and to the special appropriateness of appearances is what *L'Architecture* calls "neighborly" and results in "vicinal architecture."

The Parisian "improvement" consists of the junction of the two roads concerned in an open cut of some seven hundred feet in length, leading into a double tunnel of something more than a thousand. A succession of tunnels and cuts leads to the Seine, which is crossed on an arched bridge of a single span. The retaining-walls of the cuts are arcaded, as will be seen, and in the arches between the piers are opened for the waiting and baggage rooms, so that the space left for the tracks shall be kept entirely clear. These retaining-walls, the heads of the tunnels, and the bridges are thus the only features of the work left visible, and they are all carefully designed in order to be presentable. We reproduce the views of the walls and of the entrances to the tunnels, and these appear during construction. But the original illustrations extend even to such minutiæ as the hand-rail of the foot-



CUT AND RETAINING-WALLS NEAR THE AVENUE HENRI-MARTIN.

bridges, which is a light construction in wrought iron. Nothing, that is to say, is too minute to be shown and considered which affects the aspect of the city.

It will be agreed that the pains taken with the appearance of the Parisian work have been repaid by making it as inoffensive—nay, as interesting—from an architectural point of view as the nature of the case admitted. The arcaded retaining-walls, the main entrance to the tunnel, and the two openings of it upon the cut, in which occurs the station of Boulainvilliers, are all objects of "neighborly architecture" as well as of mere engineering. In the cases of these last two tunnel-heads the architectural problem was particularly awkward, because one of them had to be curved in plan, and the other askew. Yet the difficulties have been surmounted, and the awkwardness overruled into impressiveness and almost into grace. The "special study" to which the French engineer finds himself, and the American engineer does not find himself, "forced" has been worth the trouble it has cost. It is to be noted, too, that this has been done without the employment of any of the conventional forms of French architecture. The American engineer is apt to conceive architecture as an affair of columns and pilasters, and it must be owned that the American architect is apt to give him pretexts for that misconception. So, for that matter, is the French architect, and the Paris School of Fine Arts is the home and breeding-place of "the orders." But there is nothing of the orders in this work. It is an expression of construction as vernacular as it is artistic. *L'Architecture* remarks of the curved and corbelled parapet of one of the tunnel-heads that it recalls a design given in Viollet-le-Duc, and indeed the general aspect of the work is, by dint of its simplicity and straightforwardness, rather Gothic than classic.

Gothic or classic or nondescript, it evidently comes nearer than any example our engineering is in the habit of giving us to an appropriate treatment of a public work which is primarily a work of utility, and the moral to be drawn from it for us is to be drawn from the contrast between the successful pains which have been taken with the appearance of this underground road in Paris and the complete absence of evidence of any care at all for the appearance of the far more extensive and expensive underground road in New York. This absence is so complete that it is extremely unlikely that anybody concerned with the design of the work has ever given ten minutes' study to the aspect of such parts of it as are to be visible. The difference, it has to be owned, is a difference in civilization, and it has also to be owned that it is not in our favor. In fact, our exclusive devotion to the bare utilities of our public works denotes one of the differences that make plausible the comment of a visiting Frenchman on our civilization, that America was "a wilderness lighted by electricity."

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

LIEUT.-COM. GILLMORE'S CAPTIVITY

The Story of his eight months of suffering in the hands of the Filipinos, as told by himself to Louis Honig, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly"

ON the naval transport *Solace* now lying in the harbor of San Francisco is Lieut.-Com. J. C. Gillmore, the young officer who for seven months was held in captivity on the island of Luzon, suffering privations and undergoing dangers that read like a chapter in a romance of adventure. His is the story of hair-breadth escapes, of moving accident on flood and field, of intense suffering, and a final rescue which the young lieutenant unhesitatingly calls the rescue of modern times.

From April 12 to December 18 of last year Lieut.-Com. Gillmore and his party were held in confinement by Philippine insurgents. From the east coast of the island of Luzon they were forced to cross mountains, jungles, and streams until they were left abandoned to fate in the wildest and most desolate part of the country traversed. When despair was blackest and the indomitable courage of the sailor-soldiers had been ground out of them by exhaustion and privation, the party was rescued by Colonel Hare with detachments of the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Infantry.

Sitting in the ward-room of the *Solace* and puffing away at a Manila cigar, Lieut.-Com. Gillmore told the story of his adventures from the time of his capture to his final rescue. He is a man of most becoming modesty, with the bearing of a soldier used to deeds of daring, and his tale was delivered in a free, easy fashion, plain, and without shellac. Indeed, his story needs no embellishment, for the simple facts of it round out a romance of adventure, with war as its background, without parallel in the history of our Philippine or Cuban difficulties.

LIEUT.-COM. J. C. GILLMORE, U.S.N.,

As he appeared on board the "Yorktown" just before he started on the expedition which resulted in his capture and imprisonment by the Filipinos.

"Fourteen of us manned a cutter of the *Yorktown*, and I was put in command," he said. "We were on the Baler River, and it was thought advisable to reconnoitre. Pulling up the river some distance, I was taken by surprise to see the enemy in ambush on both sides. There were in all about seventy natives who opened fire on us, fifty on one side and twenty on the other. We resisted until resistance no longer was a virtue. Four of my men were killed outright, three severely wounded, and the boat was settling to the gunwales before the capture was made. A Spanish renegade lieutenant was our captor, and he ordered us bound hand and foot and carried to a camp some three miles inland. For a day and a half we were held here, anxiously waiting to learn our fate. To all our requests we received nothing but surly, brutal answers, and when at last sentence was pronounced it came with a certain relief, although it meant the end of all. The seven of us, bound and blindfolded, were marched to the river, lined upon the bank, and a detachment of natives, thirty paces off, were detailed to be our executioners. There was more strained waiting before the final order was given. Just as the men were shouldering their rifles the Spanish renegade officer made a sudden theatric appearance from a gap in the jungle and commanded the men to lay down their arms. I now think that the execution was all a bluff to see if we would falter, but not one of the men showed a sign of fear throughout this trying ordeal. In fact, they demanded to have the bandages removed from their eyes so that they might face death unflinchingly.

"Then our march began. From the camp we were dragged over jungle and stream to San Isidro, then the capital of the Philippine insurrectionists and the residence of Aguinaldo. Here we were all thrown into jail, being introduced to our new master, General Tiño, a brutal, truculent soldier, with no respect for the refinements of life or manner. I did not meet Aguinaldo, although I saw some of his family, but he was too busily preoccupied at that time to pay heed to my solicitations. Under Tiño we were allowed about ten cents per diem for food. From him we received nothing but insults and indignities. He was moving westward with his army at this time, and we were dragged along with him.

"One month was consumed in our journey from Isidro to Vigan, the next stopping-place, and it was a month of torture. Famished all the time, in rags that were meant for clothing, sick in body and soul, our life was sublimated misery. Occasionally we would pass friendly natives who would give us food and drink. Then again we were subjected to taunts and ill treatment. Some of the natives had heard of Americans, but we disappointed them in not being crowned with feathers and our faces being free from dabs of red paint. Vigan was the last place on our trip where there was any pretence of collective living. In the prison at this village we met several other whites, who were soon to be made an addition to our party. One, an Englishman, David Brown, will not be soon forgotten, for more reasons than one. Every time we planned an escape he was always on hand to thwart our efforts by information furnished the guard. When we left Vigan our party numbered twenty.

"On December 5 we were driven out of Vigan into the Cagayan Mountains. With little to eat and clothes that shamed the name, we were forced at the point of the bayonet into the wildest, roughest, and most barren region of the country. We knew not what they intended to do with us, but feared the worst. When we reached the most desolate part of the country we heard our fate. We were to be abandoned and left to the mercy of Providence for succor. We asked for food, and received a denial; we pleaded for fire-arms and ammunition, and these also were refused. All our solicitations were of no avail and our pleadings were unheeded. Some of the men then begged to be murdered outright, preferring instant death to the prolonged agony of starvation or torture that would surely be inflicted if discovered by the savages that infested the country. We were then told that General Tiño had given orders for our execution, but that the young officer who commanded the escort was of too merciful a disposition.

"What physical pain and mental anguish we endured during the next three days is painful even in the retrospect. It took us three days to cover as many miles. Bleeding, sore of foot, racked with fever, and on the point of starvation, we arrived at the Arbaluque River, a torrential stream which, I think, we have the distinction of discovering. Here was a river, but what could we do to better our condition? We had been living on berries and a lean horse which we had captured and killed some two days previous. Again we were in the presence of the enemy, fierce savages armed with spears, bolos, and other native war implements. Our only chance to offset their attack was to use the stones lying on the river beach. We could not waste the time waiting for the attack, so we began building rafts for our descent down the river, which would lead us we knew not where. Seven rafts were finished, and yet the natives did not attack, but every moment became more and more threatening.

COLONEL L. H. HARE,

Thirty-third United States Volunteer Infantry, who rescued Lieut.-Com. Gillmore from certain death in Luzon.

"Suddenly from the opposite direction we heard a wild shout, and before we could realize what had happened we were surrounded by men as travel-worn, exhausted, and famished as ourselves. It was the rescuing party of Colonel Hare, who said that he would rescue Gillmore and his men if he had to follow him to hell. I need not describe to you the joy of our rescue and the scenes that followed.

"Colonel Hare and his army performed, in my mind, a rescue compared with which the Greely expedition is paled into insignificance. When he reached us we were at the point of certain death. Then, again, his provisions were exhausted, his men were ready to collapse, and he had undergone a strain and struggle that few can imagine. All was not over even with the rescue. Building thirty-five rafts, we prepared for a trip down the river, which ran ten miles an hour in places. Shooting the rapids was as dangerous as anything I ever experienced. Twice I was fished out and once nearly drowned. I cannot begin to tell you of the many close calls to death that we had on this trip to the sea. But when we reached the coast it was over, and we were taken to Manila. My weight at the beginning of the trip was 165 pounds; when Colonel Hare found me he despaired of ever bringing me to Manila alive. I weighed 115 pounds after my captivity.

"Yes, you may well say that I am glad to be back again in the land of the stars and stripes."

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

THE world is full of clever amateurs; but, after all, it is usually the professional who establishes the standard, and whose performance we regard when we want to see how well any given thing may be done. We have been particularly well supplied during the last two years with the deliverances of amateur prognosticators who have essayed to forecast the course of political and historical events. The Philippine and South-African questions have been particularly effective in stirring them to effort. The condition of China, too, has been stimulating to the imagination; so has the activity of Russia in Asia; and indeed it is an obscure part of the world which has not yielded some apparent symptom of momentous changes which are impending. Forecasts accordingly have multiplied. All the Jingoes have seen visions, and all the expansionists and imperialists and colonizers have dreamed dreams. Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Rhodes, Colonel Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, Captain Mahan, and scores of others have joined the company of the prophets and elucidated the purposes of destiny.

They are all amateurs. The only professional prognosticator of any standing in this country—or in all the world, so far as we know—is Lieutenant Totten of New Haven. He does not admit that he is a prophet at all. His opinions do not rest on foresight or probability, but on research and computation. Nevertheless, they concern the future, and they are intelligent in their way, and, however oddly come by, they are interesting.

MOST of us know about Mr. Totten; that he is a soldier and a mathematician by training, and a searcher of the Scriptures by choice. His expectations about the course of events are based on Old Testament prophecies, studiously interpreted with the aid of history and arithmetic. His latest views were reported at some length in the New York *Sun* of March 18. He agrees with all the amateur forecasters that these are crucial times, and that a number of big eggs on which Destiny has been setting this long time are just about ready to hatch out. The war in Africa, Mr. Totten points out, has united the British Empire. The United States is not going to meddle, and the war will soon be over. War is Jehovah's means and Israel is His battle-axe. The English and Americans represent the descendants of the ten lost tribes, and will be used, as their forebears were, for the accomplishment of Jehovah's purposes. The massing of Continental armies means the beginning of the end of the Eastern question. The great burden of armament cannot long be borne. A great fight is coming, when the nations of the earth are to meet on the plains of Esdraleon in Palestine and have out their disputes. It is to be Russia against England, America, and Germany. Russia is to be wiped out, and the millennium is to follow, and all within about thirty years. Complications are likely to begin, Mr. Totten thinks, with the death of the Emperor of Austria. Meanwhile, in the immediate future, the Boers, who, as the descendants of Lot, have always been prone to disputes with the descendants of Abraham, will be beaten, and dwell thereafter under English rule in peace and great prosperity.

In view of all these warlike prospects, Mr. Totten believes in earnest military and naval preparation. For every dollar spent for peace, a wise nation, he thinks, must lay aside a dollar to protect that peace. He has two sons now in the army, and, being himself a graduate of West Point and the son of an officer of the army, he has no prejudices against the military profession.

IT is the day of such large views that Mr. Totten's opinions read not much more like hallucinations than those of a good many contemporary statesmen. Except that the statesmen have no opinions about the millennium and do not try to compute the periods suggested by Ezekiel and Daniel, they meditate possibilities not more extravagant than those of Mr. Totten. When Mr. Richard Olney discourses in the *Atlantic Monthly* about our foreign policy, he points out that we have broken our shell so irrevocably within the last three years that, though we need not and will not concern ourselves with the ordinary concerns of Europe, we would not sit listless through another series of Armenian massacres. That suggests possible co-operation with England to induce decent behavior in Turkey, and Turkey is not far from Palestine. And what of the great dreamland of Cecil Rhodes? Is the Cape to Cairo railway to bring the South-Africans to the great round-up on the plains of Esdraleon?

The thing that is more than usually obvious to all of us, whether or not we are interested in prophetic periods like Mr. Totten, or in our foreign policy like Mr. Olney, or in a great dream of empire like Mr. Rhodes, is that events surge on with an impetus that no man's hand can stay, and that whatever is on the cards is bound to come out in the course of the game. Bishop Potter has come back from the Philippines, and says, in terms more suited to his cloth, that the cards that settled our course in the Philippines have been played, the trick gathered in, and there is nothing for it but to play out the hand. He doesn't ask for a new deal, but seems satisfied with our prospects, and reports that friends of Aguinaldo who have seen his hand say that he is practically out of the game. The Bishop says he is of the same opinion about the Philippines that he always was, but that conditions have changed, and his old views are now obsolete. No doubt it would make for the repose of the country and for our success, or at least our respectability, as an Asiatic power, if several hundred of the most ardent and unrelenting opponents of our course in the East would make, at the earliest opportunity, the trip which the Bishop has just finished. If Congress would appropriate a million dollars to carry, next summer, to Manila, and home by way of Europe, every Congressman who would go, the money would be well invested, whatever the newspapers might say of it. But this is a Presidential year, and Congressmen will spend next summer at home.

IT is a long way from sympathy with the Boers to an earnest desire to see them whip the English. Sympathy with the Boers is a sentiment of wide prevalence in this country, but a majority of the Americans who entertain it still look upon British success as a less evil than British failure. They don't like the British course in South Africa, don't think the war was justified, think the Boers have the best of the case on paper, and would be glad to see peace on terms reasonably satisfactory to the Boers. But these same pro-Boer Americans believe in British civilization as compared with any other now prevailing, and believe it will do more for Africa than Boer civilization. They would regret to see it sustain a very serious set-back. They would regret to see British prestige seriously impaired in the world. A large proportion of the American pro-Boers have felt that the English have had many sins of neglect, commission, greed, and misgovernment to answer for in South Africa, and deserved to have trouble. They have not mourned because the trouble has come in serious measure; but, still, they have not wanted to see discipline overdone. "I sympathize with the Boers, but I don't want to see England crippled," has been a sentiment very commonly expressed. It stands for a compromise between moral sense embarrassed by doubts and an opinion as to what is best for civilization. So the American pro-Boer feeling has just about as much practical value as the same sentiment has in Great Britain. The British protestants who remonstrate against the South-African war don't want to see English rule driven out of South Africa. No more does the same class here. It would have it chastened and disciplined, but by no means destroyed. What our pro-Boers want now is easy terms for the burghers and their friends. They won't be at all in sympathy with Mr. Kipling's threatenings in the WEEKLY of week before last. They are not his sort of folk. On the other hand, very few of them want aggressive American intervention. A European movement to intervene against England's wishes would send four-fifths of them across the line they stand so near and range them on England's side. Agents of the Transvaal, or others, who try to organize the American pro-Boer sentiment and put it to practical use, will be disappointed in its quality. It is intellectual, and lacks bones and fervor. The fervent pro-Boers who really mean business are almost all Irish. Along with them are some politicians, who have determined that expansion is to be the issue in the next Presidential campaign, and are ready to strike at American expansion over the head of British imperialism.

WAR is expensive and liable to run to an excess which strains its so much vaunted regenerative attributes, but it seems to have a good effect on manners. Think how polite our gentlemen were to the Spanish gentlemen when they came near enough to exchange compliments in our late war. So Queen Victoria, stirred by grateful emotions, retrospective, existent, and anticipatory, is projecting a reunion, long, long deferred, with her devoted Irish subjects! See, too, the British colonial troops preferred and honored in South Africa! A dash of apprehension is a wonderful stimulator of consideration. No doubt her fears are taking the Queen to Ireland; no doubt British needs are at the bottom of British courtesy to colonial troops. It is salutary for all of us to be terrified now and then into a consciousness of human solidarity and a sense of our dependence on others. If our goods are in request, or our investments do well, so that we can pay our bills without keeping office-hours or saying "Sir," away goes our humility, and we begin at once to think that we can take care of ourselves and need ask no favors of any one. Relieved of the need to keep society propitiated, we cease to be anxious about its opinion of us. It may think what it will; we shall do as we please and have our kind of fun, and if we indulge in kindness it shall be absolutely disinterested and to our taste. And then all at once, while we are developing the virtues and faults of this line of behavior, up loom the black clouds, or jab comes the end of a stick in our softest and tenderest place. Then if any one is disposed to be kind to us we no longer snub him. We renew the notes we expected to pay, propitiate powers, acknowledge sympathy, and put ourselves out to return polite attentions. How good it is for us! How much more agreeable and responsive and generally worthy it makes us! How we scramble to the accomplishment of duties we had neglected! Of course we are apt to relapse again when the scare has passed. Never mind! We can't lapse all the way back in a minute. If we are a nation one good scare well rubbed in may mollify our manners for a whole generation.

MR. WU TING-FANG, the Chinese minister to Washington, is the most edifying and agreeable gentleman in public discourse which his country has ever sent to ours. He has made several after-dinner speeches in New York this winter, and all of them have been good. Mr. Fang is not only intelligent, as doubtless all his predecessors were, but has a cheerful gift of sarcastic humor, and so easy a command of English that what little he does not know about the niceties of our language rather increases the point of his remarks. His last public-dinner appearance was at the tea-importers' dinner in New York, when he said, among other things, that the Americans didn't know how to brew tea, and did not really deserve to have good tea until they learned how to make better use of it. He has since been asked for his views about the proper preparation of tea, and says that the universal habit in China is to use a porcelain teapot, put in due tea leaves and hot water in the morning, cover it with a padded bag to keep it warm, and draw from it all day, as occasion arises. When it needs replenishing, add more leaves and more hot water. It is always ready. Mr. Fang says we drink our tea too hot, and he scouts at our barbarous practice of adding cream and sugar. The family teapot, he tells us, should be emptied every morning, but not scoured out, as that would destroy its aroma, since the pot, if respected, gains in time a fragrance analogous to that which smokers value in a well-seasoned pipe.

Most of us know that porcelain or earthen-ware teapots are best; but the idea, apparently inculcated by Mr. Fang, of letting tea leaves accumulate undisturbed in a teapot all day is novel and scandalizes our conceptions. Our notion is that even if fresh tea leaves are added, renewed measures of hot water would bring out the tannin in the soaked leaves. Our housekeepers, even when they are wise enough not to put their teapots on the stove to steep, still scrupulously empty out the old leaves before adding new ones.

As for sugar and cream, it may be a misguided taste that calls for them in tea, but though they may prejudice our discernment of the best qualities of the best teas, they are by no means so upsetting as to make all teas taste alike. There is a marked difference between good tea and poor, even with cream and sugar added.

WE are already such enormous consumers of both tea and coffee that it seems a question how far our increased intimacy with the East and the South can enlarge our enjoyment of those blessings, but in so far as it can enlarge it, it will do us good. We are a thirsty people, and much addicted to stimulating beverages. The more success the Chinese and the Filipinos have in inducing our citizens who go among them, as well as those at home, to substitute tea for whiskey or beer, the better pleased we shall be, notwithstanding that beer and whiskey are home products, in the manufacture of which many of our brethren find employment and large pecuniary returns.

The organized foes of rum have complained very much, and not without apparent justification, of the rise and great activity of the saloon business in Manila since our troops have been there, and of the great scandal of introducing alcoholic habits among a people heretofore temperate. Is there not something in the possibility that tea in its own country may beat rum in a fair fight, and that our exported alcohol-drinkers, instead of introducing bad habits among the Filipinos, may themselves pick up the Filipino habits? Perhaps our men will not stay long enough in the East to acquire new habits, but there is pretty good reason to believe that those whose stay is protracted will either become abstemious men or invalids. Anti-liquor legislation is easy to evade, but an anti-liquor climate works night and day and Sundays, and insists upon being respected.

A RECENT assessment of the taxable property in Boston estimates its total value at something over a billion dollars. The taxable land is worth 500 millions, the buildings 360 millions, and the assessors know of about 200 millions in taxable personal property. This little item of 200 millions of personal property is hardly more than a reminder of Boston's enormous holdings of property outside her limits which pay constant tribute to her. It is something to be a billion-dollar city, and any additional self-satisfaction which that condition can yield to Boston is now hers by right and record. Still, it will hardly matter much to her. Her pride is not so much the pride of possessions as of intellect—the pride which reads Arabic and Sanscrit in the street cars, and does not misuse its vowels nor clip its consonants. The chief civic use of assessed valuation is to borrow money on, and Boston, it is understood, has already been exceedingly generous to herself in that particular. Her debts are so large that a local taxation of luxuries is possible which shall exact a special tribute from holders of college degrees, honorary and otherwise, and from persons who know more than three languages, or excel in more than two branches of science. The proposition is unusual, but if luxuries must be taxed, it is certain that the luxury that is most prized in Boston is erudition.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THE pacification of the Orange Free State seems to be going on smoothly and with expedition. It is evident that President Steyn has been unable to rally a large proportion of his burghers, and that England has good grounds for thinking that Mr. Kruger's ally is practically out of the fight already. The collapse, after all, is not so very surprising. The Free State never had anything more than a secondary interest in the war. During the forty-five years of its existence it has been a happy, peaceable, and prosperous commonwealth, not unworthy to stand forth as an example of the ideal republic that used to waylay the fancies of eighteenth-century philosophers. Some troubles it had with the natives, but they have long since passed away and been forgotten. Black and white live together in the Orange Free State with less friction than anywhere else in South Africa. There was a certain resentment among the burghers over the manner in which Great Britain came into possession of the Kimberley diamond-fields; but that matter, too, was set right in a reasonable and friendly fashion, and greatly to the benefit of both countries. Otherwise the Orange Free State has been practically without problems, internal or external. A simple, straightforward constitution gave it all the political frame-work it needed, and the happy good sense of the citizens in re-electing their admirable President Brand five times, spared the republic the evil necessity of political parties. The State has been not only without the strife of factions, but without religious or economic troubles. There are no industries, no capitalists, no towns—Bloemfontein at its best had never more than 6000 inhabitants, of whom barely 3500 were white—nothing to induce a man to struggle for any sort of mastery over his fellows. No one in this idyllic little community was rich and no one poor. All lived on about the same plane of placid simplicity. About one-third of the people—some 25,000 out of 77,000—are of English origin, and their language is pretty well understood over most of the country. The two races have lived together in absolute harmony, undisturbed by the conflicts and passions of the neighboring states. The English have grown to be no less attached than the Dutch to the institutions of their tiny republic, and their presence has very sensibly modified the conservatism of the old burghers, and raised them to a far higher level of intelligence than that reached by the Boers of the Transvaal or the average Dutch ranchman of Cape Colony.

IT was just like the British government to forbid the South African Republic—as it did in the convention of 1884—to conclude any treaties with any foreign power except the Orange Free State. There was, of course, no state except the republic on its western borders with which the Transvaal could possibly enter into any agreement likely to hurt Great Britain. The British government deliberately invited the Transvaal to frame an alliance with the only power on the face of the earth that would be in the least willing to listen to its approaches. Mr. Kruger acted on the invitation after the Jameson raid, and concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with President Steyn. Up to then the Orange Free-Staters had no particular affection for their kinsmen or their Cromwellian President. They disapproved of his policy, and they rather looked down upon the average Boer as a man who did little credit to their common stock. But the iniquity of the Raid affected them as it affected the Dutch in Cape Colony and Natal. It roused all their slumbering anti-British feelings, and convinced them that their own independence was bound up with that of the Transvaal, and that the British government would take the first chance of crushing both. They therefore decided—or rather President Steyn decided, for it is not at all certain that the burghers were adequately consulted, or that President Brand, had he been living, would have advised it—to throw in their lot with the Boers, and when the call to arms came they obeyed it. No one can withhold admiration from the desperate chivalry of their deed. Mr. Bryce is right when he calls upon Englishmen to recognize "in the conduct of this little community a heroic quality which they would admire if they met it in the annals of ancient Greece." They had, as he says, everything to lose and nothing to gain. Few among them could have doubted the ultimate issue of the struggle. Nevertheless, bound by honor and a sense of kinship, and urged on by their consuming passion for independence, they hurled themselves with splendid carelessness against the mightiest empire of the day.

NOTHING Mr. Balfour has ever said has given such grief to his friends as his summing up of President Steyn's action in the one word "idiotic," and Mr. Healy very properly and severely belabored him for his stupid utterance. It was no more "idiotic" for the burghers of the Free State to side with their Transvaal brethren than it is "idiotic" for Canada, Australia, and New Zealand to side with England. And even from the strictly British point of view nothing more fortunate could have happened than that the Orange Free State should have taken up arms. Consider what it would have meant if President Steyn had issued a proclamation of neutrality. Great Britain had no quarrel with the Free State, and would have been bound to respect its territory. In fact, the greatest efforts were made by Sir Alfred Milner to limit the dispute to England and the Transvaal. Luckily for England he failed. Had he succeeded, had the Orange Free State stood aloof, the war would have left it where it found it. The Transvaal would have been crushed, but its neighbor republic would have stood where it stood a year ago. One cannot doubt what would then happen. The Transvaal Boers would trek *en masse* into the Orange Free State, arm themselves over again, though not on quite so stupendous a scale, make of Bloemfontein another Pretoria, and the whole wretched tale would have to be gone through once more. That is the danger from which President Steyn's "idiotic" conduct has saved Great Britain. Moreover, by choosing to share the fate of his fellow-President, he has opened up to the British the easiest military approach to the Transvaal—*viâ* Bloemfontein—and given them every chance to settle once and for all the great question of South Africa. The war has been called "one of England's happiest blunders." Mr. Chamberlain did all he could to avert it, and with a little more tact here and a little less brusqueness there might have averted it. England ought to be very thankful that the demerits of his diplomacy prevented peace. The war could not have come at a better moment, and if it was not inevitable last October, it certainly would have become so at some future time, and probably when England's hands were tied in some other direction. And it is all a part of the everlasting luck of the British Empire that the Orange Free State should have joined in the fight, and so brought the entire question of Anglo-Dutch relations to a head, instead of standing outside and making a second conflict a certainty of the future.

FOR the past few weeks, without America being in any way disturbed about it, the policy, or rather the probable policy, of the United States in certain contingencies has been profoundly affecting German politics. On March 8 the Reichstag, by a vote of 168 to 99, adopted the amendments of the committee on the meat-inspection bill, prohibiting forthwith the importation of tinned and cured meat, and after 1903 the importation of all kinds of meat except lard, bacon, and some other insignificant kinds. A bill which was intended simply to protect the health of the German people has therefore been turned by the skilful tactics of the Agrarians into a violent protectionist measure, aimed directly at the United States as the greatest meat-exporting country in the world. If the Reichstag refuses to listen to the compromise suggested by the government—which is not much of a compromise, after all—and persists in passing the bill on its third reading, a large American industry will have received the severest blow yet dealt out to it, and a tariff war between Germany and the United States have been most unnecessarily and ungraciously provoked. The German government does not hanker after such a war in the least. Neither do the German working-classes, who find in the United States one of their best customers. But the Agrarians, puffed up with the dubious notion that Germany can supply herself with all the meat she needs, are quite ready to risk it; and as their support is necessary to the passage of the new navy bill, the Kaiser has not dared to call them to order too sharply.

The opponents of the measure—that is to say, all the commercial chambers and industrial centres in the country—point out that it is a direct and deliberate insult to the United States, that will surely be avenged by retaliation. The value of German trade with America amounted in 1898 to 1,212,000,000 marks, no less than 12¼ per cent. of the whole of Germany's foreign commerce. Of this the exports from Germany in toys, porcelain, cement, leather goods, millinery, and various products of the textile and chemical industries came to 334,562,000 marks. These articles, say the opponents of the bill, the United States can buy elsewhere. On the other hand, Germany cannot get along without the raw material she receives from America—the cotton, petroleum, maize, and copper. A commercial war with the United States would therefore close to the German Empire one of the largest markets for her manufactured goods, and at the same time cut off the supply on which those manufactures depend. Nor would the Agrarian class itself escape the effects of retaliation. One-third of the whole German export of sugar comes to this country, and it would not take Congress very long to reduce that one-third to one-thirtieth. Moreover, Section 22 of the Dingley tariff puts another and most formidable weapon in the hands of the United States. The differential duty of ten per cent. imposed, in accordance with its provisions, on all goods from Germany not carried in American bottoms, would effectually cripple the German shipping industry. Furthermore, it is asked, what is the use of building up a colossal navy to protect German commerce when at the same time you are taking the best means to sweep that commerce off the seas by offending one of your largest and best customers for the sake of catering to a privileged class?

TO this the Agrarians reply, in the words of one of their leaders: "All this quailing before America is ridiculous. If the Reichstag and the Federal Council unite in passing a measure, foreign countries must simply submit to it." Their attitude has placed the government in a most critical position. If their demands are yielded to, it is virtually certain that an appeal to the country on the navy question would be unsuccessful. On the other hand, there is the danger of a similar result if the government refuses to fall in with their wishes. The Agrarians, however, are strong Chauvinists and Anglophobes. They are also the backbone of the colonial party and the pioneers of Greater Germany, and it is possible that a personal appeal to their patriotism from the Kaiser might induce them to moderate the price of their support in his imperialistic schemes. The Kaiser is, above all things, anxious to keep on good terms with the United States, and the passage of such a measure as the meat-inspection bill would be, personally, and probably politically, most distasteful to him. Possibly the Kaiser's genius for compromises may yet extricate his beloved navy bill.

THE violent struggles in the Italian Chamber over the public-safety bill, and particularly the method of its promulgation by royal decree and without the sanction of Parliament—a sanction now being sought by the government on account of a judgment of the Court of Cassation declaring the status of the decree to be merely that of a draft bill—are only the reflex of the essential anarchy that obtains throughout the kingdom. It is true that during the last year or two, now that the country seems to have turned its back on "foreign adventures," matters have somewhat improved. But the improvement is only superficial. The real causes of Italian distress—a thirst for aggrandizement (now partially cured), a vicious civil service, an almost prohibitive tariff, and the dying out of principle, of what the Germans call "ground-ideas," in politics—are still rife and operative, and even the best friends of Italy are beginning to wonder whether anything short of a revolution can remove them. By 1870 the country found itself a free and united kingdom. The last foreign invader was driven from the soil; the Church was deprived of its temporal power; the work of Cavour was completed. The Sicilians and the Romans, the Tuscans and the Piedmontese, closed up their ranks with the feeling that civil strifes and jealousies belonged to an outworn past, and a new era of peace and prosperity had dawned on Italy. And so it should and might have been. The task before the government was difficult, but not impossible. The work of liberation had raised an immense public debt. Taxation was high, and the country overrun with a host of needy office-holders whom the Right had appointed for electioneering purposes. The Vatican was and still is implacable in its hostility. Provincial government was corrupt and undisciplined, education backward, and the south especially showed the effects of long servitude and low social organization.

IN all this there was nothing to cause dismay. A strong business administration, working tactfully and with energy, preserving an even keel between clerical reaction and the republicanism of the Left, might have made Italy prosperous if not rich, and contented if not exactly powerful. But the nation had worked itself up into a heroic mood. The cry went forth for "a spirited foreign policy." Megalomania swooped down upon the nation, and hurried it from its proper work of domestic reform to strut and pose before the great powers of Europe. The result was the Triple Alliance, with its ignoble vassalage to Germany, a navy that could not be manned, a colony that could not be governed, and an army six times as great as the necessities of the country called for. Millions of dollars were spent on armaments, while the peasants were emigrating to America in thousands to escape starvation, and Sicily was on the brink of rebellion. The extreme of protection settled on the country that of all countries most needs a free commercial exchange. Taxation was raised to a point where the utmost labors of the poor were literally barely enough to keep body and soul together. The venality and plunderings of the government officials and provincial juntas grew with their new opportunities; and the people in their despair have run from riot into republicanism, from republicanism into rebellion, from rebellion into the Camorra, the Mafia, and the Mala Vita. And all this that Crispi and King Humbert might point to the splendid ironclads, to the twelve army corps, and thank Heaven that Italy was still a power among the nations.

AND the pity of it is that under anything short of the maximum of misgovernment Italy might have been made a prosperous nation. The country is not so badly off but that with its vineyards and orchards, its rice and maize, its thrifty and industrious peasants, it could support its population of 30,000,000. Free trade, a small and stable civil service, and the completest international isolation are the solution of its troubles. It is the lack of courage to apply these remedies that has produced that callousness and want of moral faith, that profound scepticism and distrust of their public men and institutions, that the traveller notices in the Italian middle classes. And no end is in sight so long as the politicians continue to fight one another like so many *condottieri*.

MR. DOOLEY*

XXI.—ON MODERN EXPLOSIVES IN WARFARE

"IF iver I wanted to go to war," said Mr. Dooley, "an' I niver did, th' desire has passed fr'm me iv late. Ivry time I read iv th' desthructive power iv modhern explosives col' chills chase each other up an' down me spine."

"What's this here stuff they calls lyddite?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Well, 'tis th' divvle's own med'cine," said Mr. Dooley. "Compared with lyddite, joynt-powdher is Mrs. Winslow's soothin'-surup, an' ye cud leave th' childher play baseball with a can iv dinnymite. 'Tis as sthrong as Gin'ral Crownjoy's camp th' day iv th' surrinder, an' almost as sthrong as th' politics iv Montana. Th' men that handles it is cased in six-inch armor an' played on be a hose iv ice-wather. Th' gun that shoots it is always blown up be th' discharge. Whin this deadly missile flies through th' air, th' threes ar-re withered an' th' little bur-rds falls dead fr'm th' sky, fishes is kilt in th' rivers an' th' tellyphone-wires won't wurruk. Th' keen-eyed British gunners an' corryspondints watches it in its hellish course, an' tur-rn their faces as it falls into th' Boer trench. An' oh! th' sickly green fumes it gives off, jus' like pizen f'r potato-bugs! There is a thremenjous explosion. Th' earth is thrown up f'r miles. Horses, men, an' gun-carredges ar-re landed in th' British camp whole. Th' sun is obscured be Boer whiskers turned green. Th' heart iv th' corryspondint is made sick be th' sight an' be th' thought iv th' fearful carnage wrought be this dhread desthroyer in th' ranks iv th' brave but misguided Dutchmen. Th' nex' day deserters fr'm th' Boer ranks reports that they have fled fr'm th' camp, needin' a dhrink, an' onable to stand th' scenes iv horror. They announce that th' whole Boer ar-rmy is as green as wall-paper, an' th' Irish brigade has sthruck because ye can't tell their flag fr'm th' flag iv th' r-rest iv th' Dutch. Th' Fr-rinch gin'ral in command iv th' Swedish corps lost his complexion an' has been sint to th' hospital, an' Mrs. Gin'ral Crownjoy's washin' that was hangin' on th' line whin th' bombardmint comminced is a total wreck which no amount iv bluein' will save. Th' deserters also report that manny iv th' Boers ar-re outspannin', trekkin', laagerin', kopjein', an' veldtin' home to be dyed, f'r 'tis not known whether lyditte is a fast color or will come out in th' wash.

"In spite iv their heavy losses th' Boers kept up a fierce fire. They had no lyddite, but with their other divvlish modhern explosives they wrought thremenjous damage. F'r some hours shells burst with turr'ble precision in th' Boer camp. Wan man who was good at figures counted as manny as forty-two thousan' eight hundhred an' sivin burstin' within a radyus iv wan fut. Ye can imagine th' hor-rible carnage. Colonel C. G. F. K. L. M. N. O. P. Hetherington-Casey-Higgins lost his eye-glass tin times, th' las' time almost swallowin' it, while ye'er faithful corryspondint was rindered deaf be th' explosions. Another Irish rig'mint has disappearded, th' Twelve Thousandth an' Eighth Dublin Fusiliers. Brave fellows, 'tis suspicted they mistook th' explosion iv lyddite f'r a Pathrick's-day procession an' wint acrost to take a look at it.

"Murdher, but 'tis dhreadful to r-read about. We have to change all our concip tions iv warfare. Wanst th' field was r-red; now 'tis a br-right lyddite green. Wanst a man wint out an' died f'r his counthry, now they sind him out an' lyddite dyes him. What do I mane? 'Tis a joke I made. I'll not explane it to ye. Ye wuddent undherstand it. 'Tis f'r th' eddycated classes.

"How they're iver goin' to get men to fight afther this I cuddent tell ye. 'Twas bad enough in th' ol' days whin all that happened to a sojer was bein' pinithrated be a large r-round gob iv solder or stuck up on th' end iv a baynit be a careless inimy. But nowadays they have th' bullet that whin it enthers ye tur-rns ar-round like th' screw iv a propeller, an' another wan that ye might say goes in be a key-hole an' comes out through a window, an' another that has a time-fuse in it an' it doesn't come out at all but stays in ye, an' mebbe twinty years afther whin ye've f'rgot all about it an' ar-re settin' at home with ye'er fam'ly, bang! away it goes an' ye with it, carrying away half iv th' roof. Thin they have guns as long as fr'm here to th' rollin'-mills that fires shells as big as a thrunk. Th' shells ar-re loaded like a doctor's bag, an' have all kinds iv things in thim that won't do a bit iv good to man or beast. If a sojer has a weak back there's something in th' shell that removes a weak back; if his head throubles him, he can lose it; if th' odher iv vilets is distasteful to him th' shell smothers him in vilet powdher. They have guns that anny boy or girl who knows th' typewriter can wurruk, an' they have other guns on th' music-box plan, that ye wind up an' go away an' lave, an' they annoy anny wan that comes along. They have guns that bounces up out iv a hole in th' ground, fires a millyon shells a minyit, an' dhrops back f'r another load. They have guns that fire dinnymite, an' guns that fire th' hateful, sickly green lyddite that makes th' inimy look like flat money, an' guns that fire canned beef f'r th' inimy an' distemper powdher f'r th' inimy's horses. An' they have some guns that shoot straight."

"Well, thin," Mr. Hennessy grumbled, "it's a wundher to me that with all thim things they ain't more people kilt. Sure Gin'ral Grant lost more men in wan day thin th' British have lost in four months, an' all he had to keep tab on was ol'-fashioned bullets an' big, bouncin' iron balls."

"Thrue," said Mr. Dooley. "I don't know th' reason, but it mus' be that th' better gun a man has th' more he thrusts th' gun an' th' less he thrusts himsilf. He stays away an' shoots. He says to himself, he says, 'They's nawthin' f'r me to do,' he says, 'but load up me little lyddite cannon with th' green goods, an' set here at th' organ,' he says, 'pull out th' stops, an' paint th' town iv Pretoria green,' he says. 'But,' he says on sicond thought, 'suppose th' inimy shud hand it back to me,' he says. ''Twud be oncomfortable,' he says. 'So,' he says, 'I'll jus' move me music back a mile,' he says, 'an' peg away, an' th' longest gun takes th' persimmons,' he says. 'Tis this way: if ye an' I fall out an' take rifles to each other, 'tis tin to wan noyther iv us gets clost enough to hit. If we take pistols, th' odds is rayjooced. If we take swords, I may get a hack at ye; but if we take a half-Nelson lock, 'tis even money I have ye'er back broke befure th' polis comes.

"I can see in me mind th' doy whin explosives 'll be so explosive an' guns 'll shoot so far that on'y th' folks that stays at home 'll be kilt, an' life-insurance agents 'll be advisin' people to go into th' ar-rmy. I can so. 'Tis thrue what Hogan says about it."

"What's that?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Th' nation," said Mr. Dooley, "that fights with a couplin-pin' extinds its bordhers at th' cost iv th' nation that fights with a clothes-pole." F. P. Dunne.

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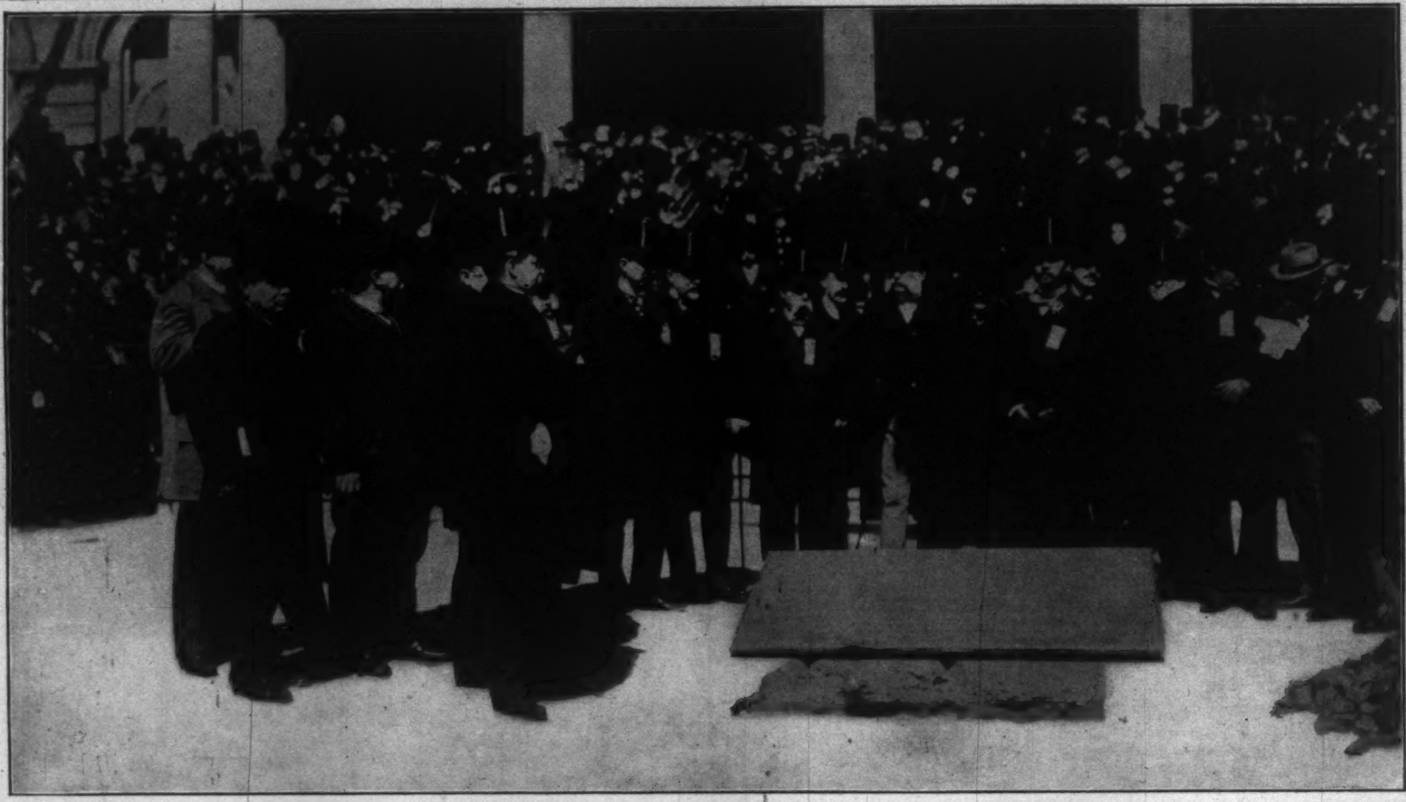

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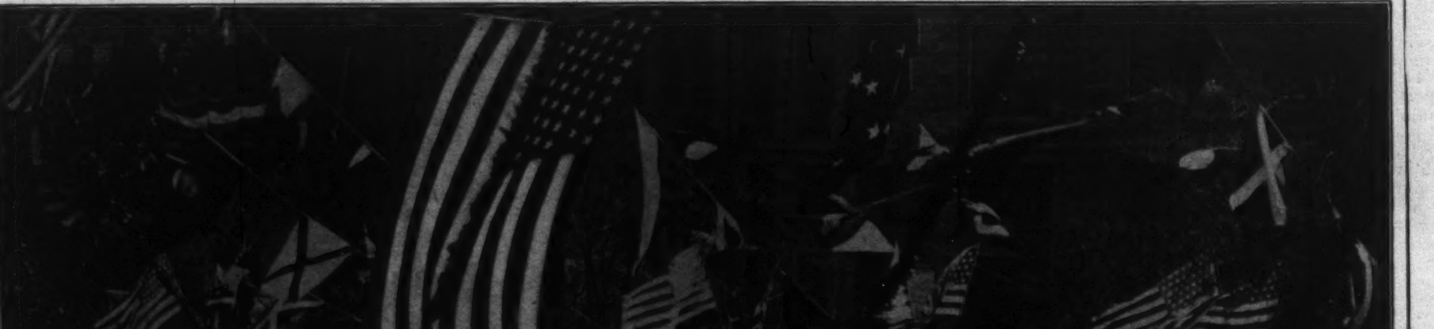

THE CROWD IN THE CITY HALL PARK WATCHING THE CEREMONIES.

BREAKING GROUND FOR NEW YORK'S UNDERGROUND RAILROAD, MARCH 24, 1900.

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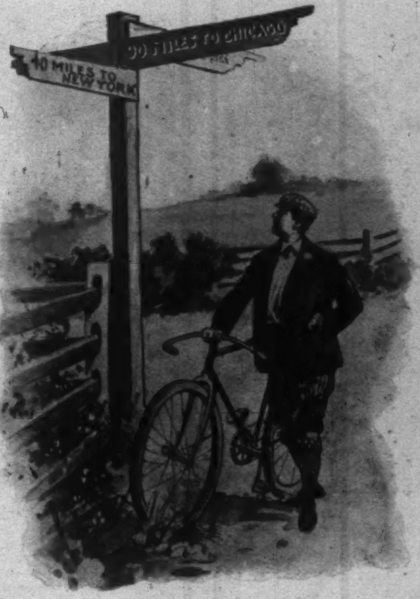

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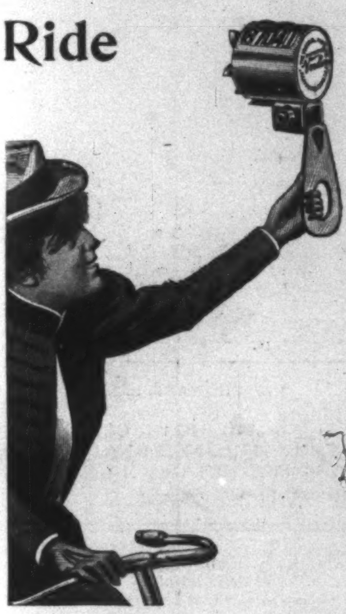

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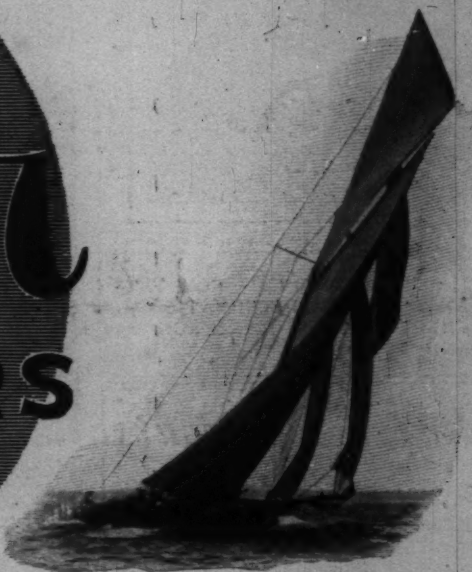

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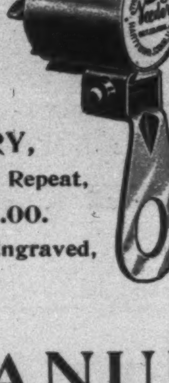

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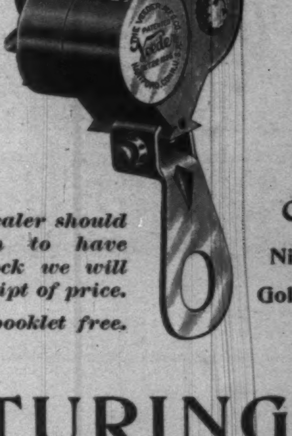

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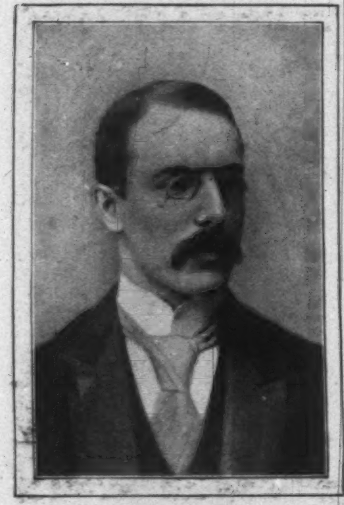

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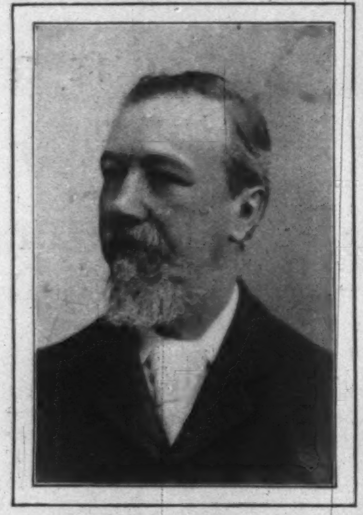

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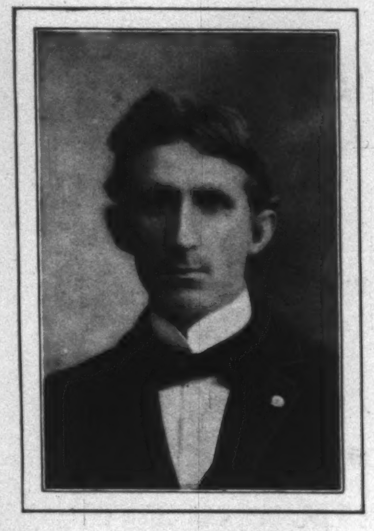
PRINCIPAL ENGLISH CONTESTANTS IN THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS MATCH OF MARCH 23 AND 24, 1900.



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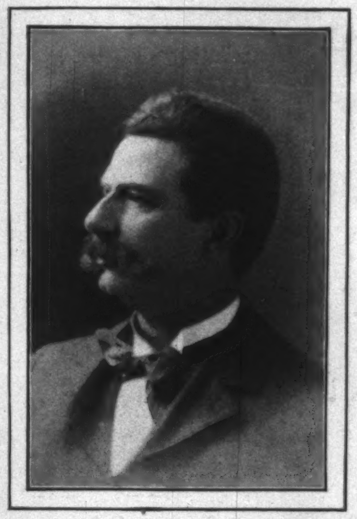

J. W. SHOWALTER.

PRINCIPAL AMERICAN CONTESTANTS IN THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS MATCH OF MARCH 23 AND 24, 1900.

American Scouts in South Africa

THE appearance in South Africa of 150 American scouts to enlist in the British army will probably be followed by some interesting developments in which Indian scouting methods in the Far West will form a conspicuous part. When it is remembered that the chief of scouts on Field-Marshal Roberts's staff is an American, it follows that the scouts from this country will have their share of the campaign. Frederick R. Burnham, who acts as the head of the scouting force in South Africa, has performed feats of wonder in all parts of the Southwest during the Indian wars, and later he made a conspicuous reputation in South Africa. At one time he saved a large force of English under Dr. Jameson from extermination by the Matabeles, who had practically surrounded the British in a trap laid for them. It was due to this conspicuous service that Lord Roberts advanced him to his present responsible position.

This American chief of scouts has surrounded himself with some of the best scouts that ever did service in our West. They are almost a unit in being thoroughly schooled in the art of scouting, which they orginally learned from the wily Indian.

Before our soldiers had become accustomed to the Western Indian methods of warfare they were constantly falling into traps laid by the red men. Time and again whole companies and regiments were ambuscaded. Not until several severe defeats like this had happened did the officers seriously consider the necessity of calling into the service old plainsmen and scouts who knew the country and the wily Indian. Ever since then the scouting force has been a conspicuous feature of our small army, and if we excelled in anything it was in these human sleuth-hounds who had learned from the Indians how to read signs that to the average soldier were unseen. A displaced stone, a broken reed or prairie grass, or the slightest stain of mud on the moss, told its tale to these scouts, and never once did their eaglelike eyes miss a mark. With a cunning that exceeded that of the Indian they learned to creep upon the enemy and discover his weak and strong points. Almost impossible feats seemed to be the daily task of these men. Every foot of the country was explored and noted, and no map or chart could lay down the topography of the land more accurately than the impressions the scouts carried in their minds.

The native American Indian was a born scout, and he had a genius for following a trail and for laying ambuscades for the white foe. The British of Colonial days found this out in repeated disasters when they attempted to oppose the red men in their native fastness. In fact, the Indians developed the idea of scouting to the highest point of excellence, and it has only been exceeded to-day by the white scouts in the employ of the American army and some of the half-breeds. In moving into a hostile country of either red men or whites, the Indians always sent their finest scout ahead, who penetrated slowly into the unknown country, and communicated his discovery to those behind him. At a respectable distance in the rear would come one or two more scouts. The first would suddenly stop on the trail, and standing like a stone statue he would shade his eyes with a hand. The simple motion meant danger ahead, and the scouts in the rear would pass the signal along the line. If suddenly surprised the leading scout would give no outcry, but another signal, such as rising in his stirrups or twisting his pony around in a circle.

The scouts were as mute as the earth they trod, and nothing would arouse them from their silence. In this way the body of Indians would proceed into the land of the enemy, and it would be impossible for them to enter a trap, or even be surprised at close quarters by the enemy. It was in this school that the American scouts were trained, and their services in South Africa must be of great value to whichever side they join themselves.

G. E. W.

The World of Finance

THE New York stock-market has been set going at a lively rate by a sudden turn in the fortunes of the Third Avenue Railroad Company. When it was shown that that corporation had been virtually wrecked in the process of "improving" the line with new motive power and new equipment, its stock went down below 50. and the whole market was depressed. The appointment of a receiver, and a statement of its actual condition as the result of his investigations, led to a slow recovery, and the

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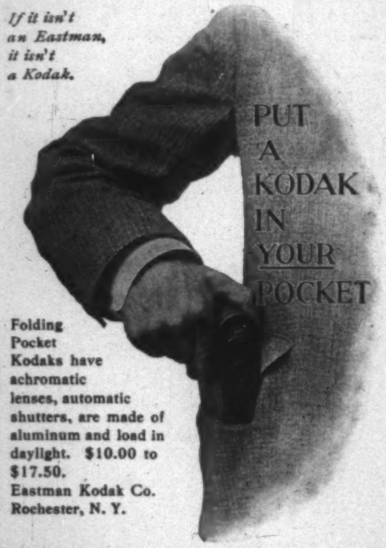

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shares worked up nearly to 70, when the report came out that the Metropolitan Company had quietly bought up a controlling interest in its stock at the low figures, and was to absorb the line and all its appurtenances into its own system. This report appeared one afternoon, and Third Avenue stock went up to 85, and the next day reached par. On the third day it was 112, the directorate of the company having been reconstructed, and the president of the Metropolitan made temporary president of the Third Avenue Company. During this advance there was much excitement on the Stock Exchange, and the amount of Third Avenue stock in the market being limited, as high as 4 per cent. was paid for loans of shares for immediate delivery. It is understood that the finances of the company will be speedily put into shape, its debts provided for, and its improvements completed, and that the Metropolitan will have a virtual monopoly of the surface traction lines in the streets of New York, and will establish an extensive system of transfers.

Not only did the Metropolitan stock advance with this new acquisition, but that of the Manhattan Elevated Road and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company felt the impulse. The stock-market generally woke into an activity not known for weeks before, and the improvement in prices an through the list. The industrials followed the lead of the traction stocks, and standard railway shares began to move and to advance in [illegible] All this may not have been caused by the Third Avenue incident, but, if conditions were ready for it, that lent the impulse necessary to set things going.

No doubt an important element in the situation was the new confidence that had been created by the passage of the finance bill and the prospective relief of the money-market by new issues of bank-notes. There had been some symptoms of approaching stringency. Currency had been floating from the New York banks to the interior, and the Sub-Treasury had been drawing upon their gold until the surplus reserves had been reduced from over $30,000,000 to the narrow margin of less than $3,000,000 in five weeks. They were compelled to curtail loans, and deposits fell off more than $15,000,000 in a single week. Call loans ruled at 3 to 5 per cent., but money could still be had for sixty or ninety days at a 5-per-cent. rate, and commercial paper for longer time ranged from 5 to 6½. There was no real stringency, though time was necessary to bring any perceptible addition to the bank currency.

Strength in railroad stocks sprang from an unusually favorable condition of the transportation business all over the country. The volume of business continued large, rates were well maintained, and reports of earnings were universally favorable. Shares in the great systems—the New York Central, Pennsylvania, and the Pacific roads—took the lead in activity and strength. Iron, steel, and coal maintained their positions well. According to report at this time, not only has the trouble in the Carnegie Steel Company been composed by an amicable agreement between Mr. Carnegie and the Frick interests, but the result is to be a great combination with a capital of $200,000,000 to take in the iron, steel, and coke works, and the mines and transportation lines connected with them. There are still reports of a demand for American coal in Europe in consequence of the high price and short supply there. If this situation should continue long, it is likely to result in a greater development of the industries dependent upon coal in this country rather than a permanent export movement for the coal itself. Considering the bulkiness of the material and the cost of transportation, economy in the long-run will demand the use of the coal here, and the exportation of the products to which its use contributes.

There has been no marked change in the monetary situation abroad. The British war loan of £30,000,000 was subscribed in London eleven times over, and the American subscriptions are said to have reached $50,000,000. This naturally draws somewhat severely upon the money-market of London, which has been pretty close for some time, in consequence of the continuous demands of the government for war expenses and the restricted supply of gold due to the shutting off of the Transvaal supply for half a year. Discount rates are maintained at 4 per cent. or a little under. The Bank of England has used its privilege of extending its issues of credit currency, to replace the lapsed notes of provincial banks to the extent of £1,000,000, which has afforded a slight relief. Money conditions on the Continent are no easier than in England, except at Paris. At Berlin the discount rate has been 5½ per cent., and there has been difficulty in disposing of a 3-per-cent. loan of $60,000,000. There seems to be a general looking forward to the end of the South-African war and the reopening of the mines in that part of the world. Meantime the treasures of gold on this continent are constantly increasing, and stores of the precious metal from the sands of Cape Nome on the Alaska coast are setting the tide of adventurous seekers in that direction with the opening of spring.

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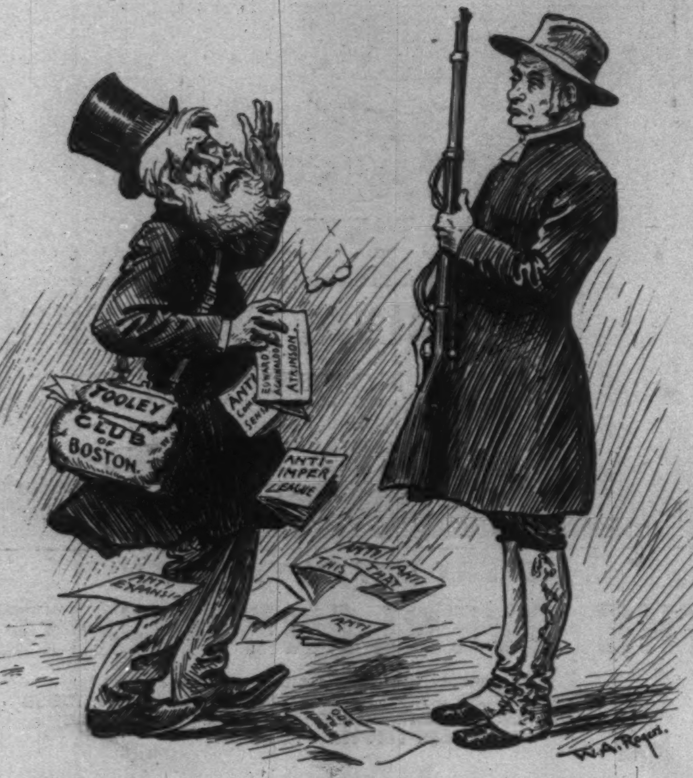

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